

**CROMWELL RELICS AND OTHER COLLECTIONS AT CHEQUERS (Illustrated).
VEGETABLES FOR OUR SOLDIERS: NEED FOR PROMPT DECISION.**

COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES:
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

OV 21 1917
UNIV. OF MICH.
LIBRARY

VOL. XLII. No. 1086.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the
New York, N.Y. Post Office.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27th, 1917.

Published Weekly. PRICE EIGHTPENCE.
Subscription Price, per annum, post free.
Inland and Canadian, 42s. 8d. Foreign 56s. 8d.

**THERE'S
NOTHING
LIKE
RONUK
FOR
POLISHING
FLOORS**

—that's why Ronuk is the Polish used in the leading Hospitals,
Public Institutions and thousands of British households.

RONUK

THE SANITARY POLISH

It is the most THOROUGH and ECONOMICAL polish
known. A little Ronuk produces a beautiful lustrous polish on
Floors, Furniture, Linoleum, etc., at a minimum of expense,
time, and trouble. Sold everywhere in large, medium, and
small tins.

RONUK LTD., Dept. No. 10, PORTSLADE, BRIGHTON.

DECORATING AND PAINTING BY LIBERTY & CO LTD

REGENT ST, LONDON W.1 ESTIMATES FREE

"We have gained our objective."
—HAIG.

AVON

TYRES

do likewise

THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO., LTD.
19, Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.
Works: Melksham and Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.

INDIAN TEAK PARQUET FLOORS

HOWARD'S MAKE.

Large Stocks laid in before War
can now be laid at less cost
than best carpets.

26 Berners Street, W.1.
AND CLEVELAND WORKS, W.1.

	PER DOZ. BOTS. CARR. PAID.
CHOICE OLD INVALID PORT .	54/-
RARE OLD TAWNY PORT . .	60/-
VERY RARE OLD TAWNY PORT	66/-
WHITE PORT (VERY CHOICE) . .	72/-

HARVEY & DEARSLEY,
Empire House, Piccadilly, W.1

Wine Importers
and Merchants.

SUPPORT YOUR FRIENDS AT THE FRONT.

BRAND'S MEAT LOZENGES

WORLD RENOWNED FOR THEIR SUSTAINING PROPERTIES.
NO MORE ACCEPTABLE GIFT can be made to OFFICERS and MEN.

In Tin Boxes, 1/-, 1/6 and 2/9, of Chemists and Stores,
or direct from

BRAND & CO., Ltd., Mayfair Works, VAUXHALL, LONDON, S.W.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For nearly a Century

the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and
safest remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache,
Gout and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient
of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate con-
stitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR
REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should INSIST
on seeing the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle. Only by
so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

Dinneford's Magnesia mixed with Spring Water forms a pleasant, cooling and most
beneficial drink in Hot Seasons and Climates, and also during Fever.

"COUNTRY LIFE" HORTICULTURAL CATALOGUE GUIDE

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

IN accordance with the Board of Trade Paper Restrictions, and also that of the Post Office, catalogues cannot now be sent without a written application. We therefore beg to point out that the under-mentioned firms will be very pleased to send their useful catalogues to our readers free of charge, on receipt of a post card.

Garden Sundries (continued)

CASTLE'S SHIP-
BREAKING CO., Ltd.,
Baltic Wharf
160, Grosvenor Road
LONDON, S.W. 1

Teakwood
Garden
Furniture

BOUNDARY CHEM. CO.
Cranmer Street
LIVERPOOL

Manures
Insecticides
Weed Killers
etc.

Rose Specialists

GEORGE PRINCE
Rose Grower
OXFORD

FRANK CANT & CO.
Braiswick Rose Gardens
COLCHESTER

SAMUEL M'GREDY & SON
Raisers of the world-famed Gold
Medal Roses
Royal Nurseries
PORTADOWN, IRELAND

Fruit Trees and Plants

G. BUNYARD & CO., Ltd.
Royal Nurseries
MAIDSTONE

Fruit Trees
Vines and
Herbaceous
Plants

PENNEL & SONS
LINCOLN

Fruit Trees
Flowering
Shrubs
Climbing
Plants

J. CHEAL & SONS, Ltd.
Nurseries
CRAWLEY

Fruit Trees
Roses
Shrubs
Plants, etc.

R. & G. CUTHBERT
Nurseries
SOUTHGATE, N.

Azaleas
Forcing
Plants and
Bulbs

H. CANNELL & SONS
The Nurseries
EYNSFORD

Fruit Trees
Roses
Herbaceous
Plants
Pelargoniums

PERRY'S
Hardy Plant Farms
ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX

New Alpines
Perennials
and Bulbs

J. JEFFERIES & SON, Ltd.
Royal Nurseries
CIRENCESTER

Roses, Fruit
Forest and
Ornamen-
tal Trees

KELWAY & SON
Retail Plant Department
LANGPORT, SOMERSET

Hardy Plants
Colour
Borders
Gladioli

KING'S ACRE
NURSERIES, Ltd.
HEREFORD

Fruit Trees
Forest
Trees
Shrubs
Roses and
Plants

BLACKMORE
& LANGDON
Twerton Hill Nursery
BATH

Dolphins
Begonias
Cyclamen,
etc.

THE BARNHAM
NURSERIES, Ltd.
BARNHAM
SUSSEX

Fruit Trees
Roses
Shrubs
Hardy Plants

THOS. RIVERS & SONS
The Nurseries
SAWBRIDGEWORTH
HERTS

Fruit Trees
Roses, Vines
Figs, Oranges
and Orchard
House Trees

H. MERRYWEATHER
& SONS, Ltd.
Southwell
NOTTS

Fruit Trees
and
Roses

JOHN WATFRER, SONS
& CRISP, Ltd.
BAGSHOT, SURREY and
TWYFORD, BERKS

Fruit Trees
Shrubs
Alpines and
Herbaceous
Roses, Bulbs

LAXTON BROS.
Nurseries
BEDFORD

Fruit
Tree
Growers

THE HARDY FLOWER BOOK

By F. H. JENKINS

(A Member of the Floral Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society)

With 50 Illustrations and beautiful coloured Frontispiece

Price 2/6 net; by post 5d. extra.

Please write to-day for full particulars of this invaluable book and for illustrated prospectuses of some of the super-books in the "COUNTRY LIFE" Library, to the Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," LIMITED, Tavistock Street, W.C. 2.

MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Replies to Advertisements containing Box Nos. should be addressed c/o COUNTRY LIFE Office, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

GARDEN AND FARM.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 1d. per word, minimum 2/-.

VISITING AND CONSULTING
LADY GARDENER.—Mrs. SAVILL, Chobham, Woking, Surrey, is now arranging to pay monthly visits where advice is urgently needed owing to head gardeners being called up and only unskilled labour is available. Terms on application.

GARDENING FOR WOMEN.—Essentially practical training: vegetable, fruit, and flower culture. Healthy outdoor life. Individual consideration. Long or short courses. From 60 guineas per annum. Gardening year begins Sept. 21st. Illustrated prospectus of PEAKE, "Udimore," near Rye, Sussex.

YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN can be received as paying Guest in large well-appointed private house, Suffolk. Training in gardening from daughter of house, aged 20 (certified R.H.S.), if desired. References required.—"A 3875."

SITUATIONS WANTED AND VACANT.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 1d. per word, minimum 2/-.

GENTLEMAN, with 25 years' practical experience in Land and Buildings, seeks an appointment in the south-west of England.—Apply by letter, "A 3872."

A GENTLEMAN (age 41, married) will take position of Trust or manage Estate for House and a little monthly. Have own horse and trap.—Write "D," 4, High Street, Nottingham.

BOOKS, WORKS OF ART, ETC.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 2d. per word, minimum 2/6.

WANTED, Vols. 1 and 2 of "Shooting," by Horace Hutchinson ("Country Life Library of Sport").—"P 6916."

WANTED,—"Small Country Houses of to-day," and "The House and its Equipment" ("Country Life" Library), in fair condition. State price.—"A 3873."

"FISHING" (2 Vols., each 12/6 net), edited by HORACE G. HUTCHINSON, contains coloured plates of salmon and trout flies, and over 250 full-page illustrations besides numerous diagrams. *The Fishing Gazette* says: "It would be worth buying if it were merely for the illustrations." Published at the Offices of "COUNTRY LIFE," LIMITED, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C. 1. Write for a Prospectus.

STAMPS.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 2d. per word, minimum 2/6.

COLLECTION Early Colonial Stamps, superb copies only, for sale, intact; or you can select at one-third to quarter dealer's prices; approval.—"G," 31, Ellerbey Street, Fulham.

MOTOR CARS, Etc., FOR SALE AND WANTED.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 2d. per word, minimum 2/6.

10 TO 15-H.P. VULCAN (1914) for SALE; 5-seater; has run under 5,000 miles. Electric lighting; excellent condition. Price £300.—"P 6920."

PAYING GUESTS, APARTMENTS, Etc.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 2d. per word, minimum 2/6.

INLAND RESORT.—Mid Wales, Pliimlimon.—Fishing, shooting, hounds, golf, pony, and governess car, donkey tandem, piano. Bracing and perfect air. Sheltered by thirteen-acre pine plantation. Motor accommodation. Town one-and-a-half miles. Or Let, Furnished, with or without Cook-Caretaker.—ROBERT LEWIS, Ethinog Farm, Llanidloes, Montgomery (late Central Co., Kimberley, S.A.).

WANTED by elderly retired official of quiet domestic habits, position as paying guest in a country residence.—Apply "A 3876."

GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 2d. per word, minimum 2/6.

LIME.—Agricultural, by rail anywhere.—Address, LIME WORKS, Chinnor, Oxfordshire.

FOR SALE, Invalid Lift, hand power; no longer required: in use three years.—Apply LADY ELPHINSTONE, "Struan," Augustus Road, Wimbledon Park.

STANDING TIMBER.—Owner of Spruce, Scotch Fir or Larch are invited to offer for war purposes; good prices given.—WOOD WOOL & FIBRE CO., Gainsborough Works, Hackney Wick, E. 9.

HAND-PROPELLED TRICYCLES, splendid machines; spinal carriages and couches, crutches, etc.—EMPIRE TRICYCLE CO., Banbury.

FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE WANTED by Practical Farmer and Agricultural Expert. Advertiser farms 300 acres and is anxious not only to increase Stock but to adopt Motor ploughing, etc., and by modern methods generally to increase the Farm's output. Advertiser requires financial assistance permanently, and is prepared to give security and adequate interest for same.—"P 6918."

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.—Developing or Printing.—The BEST POSSIBLE got out of every negative and every print every time; no waiting. Any size, 1/- for 12 exposures, 6d. for 6. Prints or postcards, 1d. (Cameras bought or exchanged).—MARTIN, Photographers' Chemist, Southampton.

FENCING.—Cleft Chestnut Unclimbable Fencing. Send for illustrated price list.—THE STANLEY UNDERWOOD CO., LTD., Shottermill, Haslemere, Surrey.

UNIFORM CASE and lined or STEEL CABIN CASE wanted.—"P 6928."

IRON FENCING for all purposes.—Continuous Bar Fencing, Strained Wire Fencing, Gates, Field Hurdles, Tree Guards, Espaliers, Railings, Sheep Fold Hurdles, Garden Fencing and Iron Work of all kinds. List on application. Estimates free. We also have a small surplus stock of Kennel Runs for disposal at special prices; subject to being unsold. Particulars on application.—BOULTON and PAUL, LTD., Norwich.

GENTLEMAN'S BICYCLE wanted; three speed and in good condition.—Full particulars to "P 6927."

ROYAL BARUM WARE.—Vases, Candelsticks and useful articles for Bazaars, etc. Soft blues, greens, red, old gold. Terms and illustrations sent on receipt of 3d.—BRANXAM, Dept. N., Litchdon Pottery, Barnstable.

SEWAGE DISPOSAL FOR COUNTRY HOUSES.—No emptying of cesspools; no solids; no open filters; perfectly automatic; everything underground. State particulars.—WILLIAM BEATTIE, 8, Lower Grosvenor Place, Westminster.

PORTABLE BUILDINGS. Bungalows, Recreation Rooms, Motor Houses, Outdoor Shelters, etc. Enquiries invited.—FENN & CO., Ipswich.

ABSOLUTE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.—Dr. Jenner's Remedy.—Particulars and free samples from JONES, Chemist, 247, Bournemouth.

IT IS MORE THAN EVER necessary you should buy reliable goods at reasonable prices from trustworthy firms. Become one of our regular customers now, so that you may continue to obtain supplies as feeding stuffs become more restricted. Good Small Wheat (wheat screenings) quite excellent for general use (beware of damaged corn, so often fatal to poultry). 22/6 cwt., £5 10s. 5 cwt., carriage paid. Fine Whole Oats and Barley, 25/- cwt., £6 5 cwt., carriage paid. Sussex Ground Oats Mixture, splendid fine blend properly ground, 23/- cwt., £5 12s. 6d. 5 cwt., carriage paid. Best Poultry and Pig Wheatmeal, absolutely pure, use like middlings, 20/- cwt., £4 17s. 6d. 5 cwt., carriage paid. Mixed Grits and Shell, best grade, 5/- cwt., 23/6 5 cwt., on rail. Clover Litter, 8/6 large sack, carriage paid.—THE TAYLOR FOODS CO., Dept. K, Shucknall, near Hereford, and at Liverpool.

ANTIQUES.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 2d. per word, minimum 2/6.

OLD PEWTER is dealt with at length in "Causeries on English Pewter," by ANTONIO DE NAVARRO, a book for all lovers of the Pewterer's Art. The book is beautifully illustrated, and can be obtained for 11s. post free from the Offices of "COUNTRY LIFE," LIMITED, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C. 2.

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLII.—No. 1086.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27th, 1917.

PRICE EIGHTPENCE. POSTAGE EXTRA.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER]



LALLIE CHARLES

LADY MARGARET SCOTT.

57, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Lady Margaret Scott	385, 386
Thrift and Agriculture. (Leader)	386
Country Notes	387
Leaves on the Wind, by Agnes S. Falconer	387
The Eve of All Hallows, 1917, by Mabel Leigh	388
Vegetables for Our Soldiers: Need for Prompt Decision. (Illustrated)	389
Fifty Years' Retrospect	391
Four-Footed Friends, by J. M. Dodginton. (Illustrated)	392
Literature	395
Rustic Sounds and Other Studies (Sir Francis Darwin).	
Country Home: Down Ampney House, by Philip Mainwaring Johnston. (Illustrated)	396
Cromwell Relics and Other Collections at Chequers, by H. Avray Tipping. (Illustrated)	401
An Autumn Fantasy, by Anne F. Brown	405
Correspondence	406
Chequers Recollections (Captain Russell England); The Name of "Chequers" (H. A. C. Penruddocke); Raleigh and the First Potato (Arthur O. Cooke); Farmers and the Motor Tractor (L. M. Marshall); Dogs and Human Speech; A Survival in Egypt; The Butterflies of 1917 (K. G. Blair and J. Rawlinson Ford); Women on the Land (S. A. Brown); Vine, Moore's Early (E. A. Bunyard); This Year's Oak Galls (A. S. Ford); Red Jungle-Fowl in England (Captain C. B. T. J. Mildmay); Birds and Aeroplanes; Where Pilgrims Land for Mecca; An Old Fire-Mark (Albert Wade); A Reliquary—or What?	
The New Club for Officers of the American Navy and Army. (Illustrated)	2*
The Garment of Immortality	4*
Racing and Breeding Notes	6*
The Automobile World. (Illustrated)	8*
Machinery Notes for Modern Farmers, by Ploughshare. (Illustrated)	12*
A Personal Record of a Great Adventure	14*
Modes and Moods. (Illustrated)	16*
In the Garden	18*
From the Editor's Bookshelf	18*

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The charge for Small Estate Announcements is 12s. per inch per insertion, the minimum space being half an inch, approximately 48 words, for which the charge is 6s. per insertion. All advertisements must be prepaid.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can only be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

* * We appeal to our readers to send their copies of recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE to the TROOPS at the FRONT. This can be done by simply handing them over the counter of any Post Office. No label, wrapper or address is needed and no postage need be paid.

The War Office notifies that all papers posted to any neutral European country will be stopped, except those sent by publishers and newsmen who have obtained special permission from the War Office. Such permission has been granted to COUNTRY LIFE, and subscribers who send to friends in Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Rumania, neutral Countries in America, and the Dependencies of neutral European Countries in Africa should order copies to be despatched by the Publisher from 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C. 2.

THRIFT AND AGRICULTURE

EVERYBODY who thinks at all is convinced that the inculcation of thrift is essential to a recovery from the devastating effects of this war. How it is carried out in Manitoba is set out in Part II of the Minutes of Evidence (C.D. 8459) issued by the Dominion Royal Commission. Parenthetically it may be observed that while our comment will be confined for the present to the matter printed in a couple of pages, the volume teems with information which should not be neglected. It must especially interest the English reader to learn the practical steps by means of which zeal, skill and economy are encouraged. The witness was Mr. J. H. Evans, and

the most striking portion of his evidence is his description of what is done with the young. We have often noted with surprise and wonder the acuteness and business aptitude of quite young children in the Dominion, and were keenly interested to know how these qualities were developed. In the Old Country we depend a great deal upon exhortation on the traditional line of certain ancient saws urging that provision should be made for a rainy day. More practical methods are adopted in Manitoba. For example, there are about 12,000 members of the School Clubs for Boys and Girls. The members can and preserve fruit and vegetables for home consumption, cultivate grain crops, keep poultry, and in some cases go in for hog-raising. It is the last named avocation which best shows the boldness and originality of the system. Suppose boys and girls wish to keep pigs, "they (says Mr. Evans) go to the bank manager and borrow money—pretty much the same as the farmer does." Sir Edgar Bowring, who appears to have been struck with the idea of such young people taking this responsibility, asked, "Do you say that a boy of twelve or fourteen can go to the bank and say I am going to buy a pig, will you advance me five or ten dollars?" The answer was a very decided affirmative, and in answer to a supplementary enquiry, Mr. Evans explained that "the bank manager figures that it is of educational value to him." He can "watch this pig grow and take an interest in that boy, and if that boy is used properly by the bank, when he grows up he has a patron there. It is a business proposition as far as the bank is concerned." It appears that not all the bankers do this, but chiefly those of the agricultural districts, who, as Sir George Foster suggested, take the risk in order to help the boy. Answering a question as to whether the loans are faithfully repaid, Mr. Evans said, "I think so, yes. I have only one case in mind where I had actual experience of discussing it with the bank manager, and he passed the remark that if the grown-up farmer were as faithful in meeting his note the banking industry would be easily carried on."

But the education in thrift does not end here. The child is brought into close business relations with the parent. The young adventurers take the pigs home, and the great object is to let them buy the food from their parents, not get it for nothing; they place the dollar and cent value upon everything they do and they keep a record of the weight of the pig when bought and weigh it periodically and know exactly what rations they feed. At the fair where they bring in their products the animals are judged and they have to produce this record. Subsequently they market them, unless they wish to keep them for breeding purposes. A few have gone in for registered or pedigree animals. When these children grow up they will become members of one of the chartered Agricultural Societies of their province, which "hold Summer and fall fairs, seed grain fairs, dressed poultry shows, standing fruit competitions, good farming competitions and ploughing matches." In all these things they are trained to pit their skill against that of their neighbours, and in doing so are bound to advance and improve the agricultural practice of the neighbourhood.

Here there is a notable illustration of the means whereby food production can be increased. It has no exact counterpart in this country, where we doubt if the ordinary joint-stock banks could be induced to advance money on a boy's character even when it is buttressed by such a security as a lien on the pig. But there is no reason to despair. In last year's agricultural push in Great Britain the boys and girls, as far as the cultivation of vacant plots was concerned, bore a great share. From the experience thus gained they have advanced into the position of having become excellent gardeners. A policy to follow in addition to any other that may be thought advisable is to encourage their efforts and develop their skill further yet. They have done well as children, and, in time to come, upon them as adults will largely depend the achievement of making this country self supporting in the matter of food.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a new portrait of Lady Margaret Montagu-Douglas-Scott, the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

VERY great satisfaction will be felt that the honour of administering a *coup de grâce* to the squadron of Zeppelins which attacked London on Friday night fell to our French Allies. They have developed a magnificent system for the defence of Paris. The proof of the pudding lies in the eating of it, and the success of the aviators across the Channel is abundantly proved by the immunity from attack which Paris has enjoyed since the early days of the war. Apparently Friday's fleet of Zeppelins had exhausted their bombs and lost themselves, while cold completed their discomfiture. The situation was grasped with promptitude and the French airmen set about the undoing of the German raiders with extraordinary skill and vigour. It is very important, as well as interesting, to know that one of the four brought down was captured without serious damage. It will now be possible to ascertain what changes have been introduced into the Hun airship. A general impression abroad is that the vessels were of a very highly improved, if not a new type, and the knowledge gained by close examination will be a great help to the defence. We cannot agree with those of our contemporaries who assert that this incident will bring an end to attacks by Zeppelins. In the past the Germans have not been discouraged by failure, but when one form of attack has failed they have invented another.

A RESULT of the defence of London is pointed out by a correspondent who was caught in the middle of the raid at a place about twenty-five miles from the capital. He says: "I was waiting for a train when at ten minutes past nine there was a rush of porters along the platform, the lights were put out, and information given that all trains had been stopped. I noticed afterwards that some of the papers said railway traffic had gone on as usual, but this was not the case in regard to at least a couple of important lines. The train which I should have caught at 9.30 p.m. as a matter of fact did not leave till 3.30 a.m. Not relishing the idea of spending hours in the crowded waiting room of the station, I sallied out to walk a distance of some eight or ten miles, although the experience of the September raids was that the aircraft, driven from the immediate environs of the town, scattered over the belt of country round London; and, in fact, some fighting and many explosions occurred close to my very lonely and secluded home. It was with a complete understanding of the risk, therefore, that the walk was undertaken. The way leads over a high ridge from which a wide view of the surrounding country can be had, and I had scarcely started before a succession of explosions told that the enemy was near at hand. As a matter of fact, one bomb was dropped not very far from the station, and two little towns a few miles distant were both visited, while one or two bombs were dropped aimlessly among the fields.

"NOTHING came my way, but the walk was most interesting, with just that element of danger which was necessary to keep one on the *qui vive*. At the cottages passed, two or three in number, the inmates were standing outside on the look-out for anything that might happen, and when they saw a figure passing they would shout: 'Did you hear them

go off?' or something of that kind. They did 'go off' very frequently, and every time an explosion occurred in the neighbourhood there was a great clamour of pheasants from the preserves and woods through which the road passes. These birds were evidently greatly alarmed. Not so the owls. The brown owl hooted with unchanged melancholy, just as if nothing were happening out of the usual, and the disagreeable squawk of the little owl was raised in the same spirit of indifference. The railway lines were all quiet, but every now and then aircraft of one kind or another passed overhead. One at least must have been a Zeppelin, because it was easy to follow its track and the explosions came from the towns that were actually mentioned next day. Whatever they were, they did not seem to know the right direction, as they several times went off at right-angles from their previous line. But though the night was absolutely clear and cloudless, it was impossible with the naked eye to notice the slightest shadow or any other evidence of their presence. It was a curious walk, and towards the end of it a man came up with a bicycle off which he jumped and told me with something of a scare that there had been an explosion in the village he had just left."

LEAVES ON THE WIND.

Some are tinged with a vanished sunset's gold,
Dear leaves!—grown old.

Some are stained and dyed with the splendour red
Of a dawning dead.

Some, brown as gnomes from a hidden mine,
Some, dark as wine!

O, winds of autumn! your wrath might spare,
This, my woodland fair!

Aflame, like an altar, and murmuring
Far other songs than she learned in Spring!

They yield to doom, and a fate austere—
Sweet leaves! grown sere!

Like a broken army, their legions fly
For a place to die,

And the gale, fierce victor, pursues and lifts
All the huddled drifts.

Cold rains shall drench them, in field or street
Crushed by careless feet

While the sad trees, bidding them fly and fail,
Keep a keen low wail,

Full well foreknowing some midnight hour
When their roots may strive with the winds wild power.

O, fly, bright leaves! It is time to fall!
There's a fate for all.

Though green stand holly and pine and yew
The long winter through.

Endure they must, while you find release,
And enjoy your Peace.

For there's nothing deathless that awakens here
With the day and year.

And the wind shall whisper, one morn or eve
The self-same word to all hearts that grieve.

AGNES S. FALCONER.

ALTHOUGH it is now stated that consideration of the

Education Bill is to be postponed, Mr. Fisher goes on making extremely good speeches with regard to it. In the later of these it is to be noticed that he lays special stress on the democratic character of the measure. He is no doubt entitled to do so, and yet it is not sufficiently so. Many of us regard the postponement as providential. A great Bill like this should not be passed by Parliament until the attention of the whole country has been directed towards it—a fact which Mr. Fisher seems to recognise by the number of speeches he is making. But the country will never concentrate its attention on an Education Bill or on any other piece of domestic legislation until the end of the war becomes visible. The preoccupation is too great. Meanwhile, thought is being directed here and there to the measure, and the opinion is growing that for its completion it wants to be changed into a measure for the establishment of a State School for all. There has been much talk about the rapid progress of Germany in education during the years previous to the war, but very little is said about the great probability that Germany would have carried out the plan we have adumbrated, but for this cataclysmic interruption. Further, it is becoming day by day more evident that education in citizenship is wanted as much as anything which Mr. Fisher's scheme would provide.

Any statesman who looks half an inch before the immediate present must see that the school ought to be at least a great auxiliary force towards that welding of the different classes into one on which the future stability of the Empire must rest.

ANOTHER point to which Mr. Fisher's attention might be profitably directed is the extraordinary educational effect of the war. In his introductory speech in the House of Commons he seemed to regard the war as a great obstruction, an utter enemy to education. Now, this is not the fact. Education, after all, is not entirely a matter of the book and the school. Every man who has been really educated has only begun to be so after he was done with all kinds of seminaries. On some future occasion we hope to take the matter up in detail for the purpose of showing the practical educational effect of war on this country. For the moment it is almost enough to point to the extraordinary advance in technical knowledge that the munition work has brought to many classes of the community. No better training could be devised, since it involves the utmost care, exactitude and precision, besides very greatly widening knowledge. Even those little girls who are earning wages which are the astonishment of their friends and relatives, are being turned into most efficient workers. And they represent only an infinitesimal fraction of the number of people who have received mental discipline and been made more efficient in every way by the responsibility which war has thrown upon them. This is a consideration which the Minister of Education cannot by any means afford to ignore.

THE Admiralty furnishes the public only sparsely with instances of the heroism that is being constantly exhibited in the submarine warfare. One of the stories recently made public shows that an unnamed lieutenant of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve is well deserving of distinction. He was in command of a motor launch attending a flotilla of mine-sweeping trawlers, when a mine was sighted. A heavy sea was running at the time and half a gale blowing, so that attempts to sink the mine by gunfire proved futile. Darkness was coming on and after it the mine would have been lost to view to drift away and possibly be the destruction of some good ship. The officer lowered a boat and pulled to the mine, which was only visible now and again on the smooth slope of a wave. When he had got as close as he dared, he jumped overboard and swam to the mine with a line which he passed through the ring bolt in the top. In this way the motor launch was enabled to tow the mine to smooth water where it was sunk by rifle fire. If it be taken into account that a circular mine popping up and down must have been very difficult for a swimmer to get hold of without making such a grab as would most likely have exploded it, the heroism of this officer must be very apparent.

M. PAINLEVE has been rewarded for his services as Minister of War and for his strong resolute attitude on the Alsace-Lorraine question by a vote of confidence carried without a division in the Chamber of Deputies. A good many subsidiary reasons for this vote have been evinced, but the principal one is that the French have found a strong man. No doubt, the Germans by their cunning have assisted in this unexpected *dénouement*. Herr von Kühlmann, fishing about for a means of sowing discord between the Allies, had through some of his satellites given the French an assurance that the Alsace-Lorraine question would be settled to their liking if they would agree to a separate peace, just in the same way as they gave an assurance to Great Britain that Belgium would be evacuated on the same terms. M. Ribot brought his eloquence and insight into play in the remarkable denunciation of this trick, and von Kühlmann's strategy has had for him the unexpected effect of binding the French still more strongly together. M. Painlevé will, no doubt, take steps to remedy certain weaknesses in his ministry. One of these, beyond question, is the absence from it of M. Albert Thomas, one of the driving forces of the moment. We hope means will be taken to get M. Thomas into the ministry and thereby secure the support of the Socialists. At a moment when Germany is obviously weakening it is of the highest importance that France should show a strong and united front. It is her good fortune to have found a statesman in M. Painlevé.

FARMERS are preparing the soil for next year's crops at a disadvantage. Never at this season of the year have we known the ground to be so thoroughly soaked and saturated with water. The rains have been so constant as well as tempestuous that it has never had an opportunity of running

away. Ponds are full to overflowing, water is lying in the fields as it seldom does in midwinter, and in some of the lanes water is standing more than a foot deep. It forms a very serious obstacle to cultivation, at any rate in the heavy clay lands. The experienced farmer knows that to put a plough into the ground under such conditions is absolutely ruinous, and this applies more in the case of a tractor plough than of a horse plough. All the same, it should not interfere with the business of ploughing up old pasture, as the grass makes a carpet which effectually prevents the land being puddled by the horses' hoofs or packed by the wheels of the tractor. It would seem therefore that the business of the moment should rather be to bring new acres under the plough than to work on the old arable, the sowing of which will be profitably delayed till a spell of dry weather occurs.

FROM a good source we learn that another very important scheme of reclamation is being considered and has every chance of being carried out. At present it is not permitted to mention the estate or the expert who is working out the scheme. The reason for the undertaking is one that readers of this paper will appreciate, namely, increased food production. It has taken a long time for the truth which we have iterated again and again to secure apprehension, namely, that it is as productive to reclaim waste as to cultivate old arable. At first this was regarded as a kind of paradox, and agricultural authorities, ignoring it, proclaimed that the business of the hour was to get on with bringing the poor pasture into ploughland. It would appear, however, that the seed we have sown has in some instances fallen into good soil and is likely to result in some excellent crops for next year. However this result may be obtained, it is a very welcome one. There is only one little point on which we would reiterate a warning. It is that anyone can reclaim the waste at a price; but that the real success must be an economical one. In other words, the movement will be considered successful only if reclamation be accomplished on profitable terms.

THE EVE OF ALL HALLOWS, 1917.

Now, in the lonely silence of twilight, hearken
How the long notes sound soft in the reedy grass
As it were flutes, in cadence ever remembered,
Piping an air, while shadows with shadows pass.

Speak! Is it you, beloved? The mists enfold us,
Here on the Eve of All Hallows souls turn home,
And these our hearts, grief-laden, listen, impatient,
Watching the long star-ways where your feet shall come.

Leaves! withered leaves that drift in the time of autumn,
Voices that call us far in the heights unknown,
Show your immortal lands and visions enchanted,
Speed us to those fair isles where our love has flown.

MABEL LEIGH.

THE Prime Minister is always at his best when delivering a stirring exhortation to the people, and his initiation of the new economy campaign leaves nothing to be desired. It was frank, plain-spoken, and yet hopeful. Nevertheless, we cannot help thinking that the time has gone past for preaching. Only the patriotic few listen to exhortation and act on it. A very considerable number of people go on living just as if there were no war. The temptations in many cases are indeed strong, because of the difficulty that people whose pockets are full of money have in realising the need for frugality. The old truism that no one can live on pounds, shillings and pence alone, but only on what these can buy, has not yet been realised by a large proportion of the population. The only solution of the difficulty lies in the establishment of rations. That conclusion has been arrived at very reluctantly, as voluntarism is much more in accordance with the spirit of the nation. But if the saving of our foodstuffs is really essential, then consumption must be governed by strict rules, and dependence ought not to be placed on the caprice of the individual, for that could only mean that the patriotic would deny themselves and the selfish persist in their self-indulgence.

ALTHOUGH in advocating the immediate adoption of a plan for growing vegetables at the back of the front the British Army is generally spoken of, let it not be forgotten that the proposal is intended for every part of the Empire—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and so on—and also for the Allies. To keep this in view is most important.

VEGETABLES FOR OUR SOLDIERS

NEED FOR PROMPT DECISION.

WE are glad to be able to state that the scheme propounded last week for producing seedlings at a central point in France in order to transmit them for cultivation in the rear of the armies has met with decided approval in the most authoritative places. Expert gardeners, leading men of science, statesmen and, last but not least, intelligent British citizens have united in approval of the scheme. On that we do not, however, lay the greatest importance. It is a good thing to meet with approval, but experience has shown that however excellent a plan may be and however harmonious the chorus of praise it evokes, something else is needed, namely, the push and energy which will carry it into effect. There are a great many authorities more or less concerned with the provision of food, including vegetables for the Army. Some of them are open-minded and not at all afraid to take a new road that promises to carry them to the desired result. But others have run so long in the ruts of convention and are so hampered by those regulations, of which the public speaks contemptuously as red tape, that although common sense may tell them that the result is sure to be good, they hesitate about making a change. In this case hesitation would be fatal. The matter must be decided immediately. When our troops are going to leave France and Flanders no one exactly knows, but the earnest hope is that in the course of another twelve months or so their work in that part of the world will be completed. Hence if effective help is to be rendered, the matter must be taken in hand promptly. We are very glad to hear from Sir Arthur Lee, the head of the Food Production Department, that the problem

certain that the military authorities will plead that there is no labour to spare; but surely the British Army cannot be worse off in this respect than the French. Ordinary labour could not be found for work in the Versailles Gardens, and at first a company of Annamite riflemen were employed, and after that soldiers of the 1889 and 1890 classes. Those soldiers who belonged to any profession except that of horticulture were directed by ten specialists. Now there is nothing in all that which could not be matched in the British Army. The work of preparing and laying out the beds



TWO ACRES OF LEEK PLANTS.

involves only the simplest labour. Partial sterilisation could be carried out by anyone under efficient direction. Probably few understood the process, but what they were asked to do was simply to use the watering-can; and the antiquarian may be pleased to know that the watering-cans used for these plants in 1917 were the identical vessels which were used to water the flower plots two hundred years ago—that is to say, in the time of Louis XIV. That was all plane-sailing. The sowing was done by machinery, so that even that act of husbandry called for no particular training or intelligence on the part of the performer. The only other

labour involved was that of picking and packing, two very simple processes which could be done perfectly after a little instruction. Not that the instruction was superfluous. Tender young plants can easily be destroyed by those who would pluck them from the earth with too rough a hand. What was done first was to water them very thoroughly the night before, so that the moisture had time to penetrate to the roots, then a man with a fork loosened the damp earth, so



EFFECTS OF PARTIAL STERILISATION; THE CROPS ON THE LEFT NOT STERILISED.

to which we have referred has been engaging attention for some time past, and a few months ago a special effort was made to enlist the sympathies and co-operation of the Headquarters Staff in France on behalf of a much more extensive and systematised scheme than at present exists. Since then attempts have been made to elaborate more definite proposals to submit to the War Cabinet, and it is considered that the information in the articles of last week "will be of the greatest possible assistance." There can then be no insurmountable obstacle in carrying out the scheme. It may be taken for

the pickers could get the plant from the soil with all its delicate roots intact. The latter is very important. No doubt a plant pulled from the earth in the rudest possible manner will grow, but only after a considerable time has been wasted in making new roots; whereas one that has been lifted carefully and well grows almost without a break. Lieutenant Truffaut was very particular about all this, knowing that the more trouble taken in the gardens, the less would be required to grow the plants in the rear of the Army. For the same reason he preferred for transport the automobile

military postal service, as he found that in the congested state of traffic on the French railways great delay was involved in sending by train.

A plant which has not time to lose its freshness does very much better than one which has been long on the road. Personally, the writer was very interested to find that Lieutenant Truffaut had found delay very bad in the case of leeks. It has been our custom to obtain these plants from a very considerable distance, and this year delay incidental to an overcrowded post office led to a considerable deterioration. The plants show that something is wrong by beginning to "sweat," as the nurseryman says. What that means is that a sticky exudation appears on the surface, making the plants very disagreeable to handle. A



WATERING LEEKS IN THE TRIANON GARDENS.

The watering pots used under Louis XIV two hundred years ago.



CABBAGE PLANTS READY TO TRANSPLANT.

Three acres garden.

careless gardener might not mind, as the plants recover in time if placed in the earth and well watered. But a loss of time in the best growing season is involved. On the long railway journey the same effect was noticed, and plants transmitted direct by motor lorry were found to do much better than the others. Perhaps the agricultural moral to draw from all this is that the best way to ensure good seedlings is to obtain the best of seed and grow them yourself. One was surprised, too, to find that the peasant soldiers place a very high value on leeks, which we in this country are accustomed to think a dish for Scots and Welshmen. Even in the good hotels the recourse in France on a meatless day is to a soup made of leeks and

potatoes, and an excellent and nourishing dish it is. It must be regarded as unfortunate that in the South of England the virtues of the leek are not as widely known as they should be, as it is one of the very best winter vegetables. No rain, no frost, no snow injures it, and it is as good to eat in January as in October. The larger the better is also a known and truthful saying about the leek. French soldiers, from the numbers ordered, appear to prize it very highly, and one feels sure it will make many a nutritious meal in the coming winter when fresh vegetables are hard to



THE ORANGERY OF THE CHATEAU OF VERSAILLES.

Used as a packing shed.

come by. The other labour is that of packing, but, it, too, is simple in the extreme. The leeks are tied in bundles and first collected loosely in the boxes used for their transmission. In this way they are taken to the packing shed, which happens to be the old orangery of the Trianon. It is a splendid building that has stood for

over two hundred years without requiring a renewal, and is as good to-day as when it was built. It has often been described by picturesque writers, and Lieutenant Truffaut is not at all deaf to that form of praise, but in the present state of affairs its great merit as a packing house overwhelms every other. One great advantage is that owing to its immense size the motor lorries can come right in, so that men, vegetables and everything else are under cover. We say "men," but several women with active and neat French fingers are working merrily at the job.

A word ought to be said about the financial arrangements. Very great praise is due to Lord Furness, who, acting on behalf of the Touring Club, took a great interest in the movement and handed over a subscription of 27,150*l.* The Board of Agriculture made a grant. It is to be noted that the Board has been working very



PACKING THE PLANTS.

cordially with Lieutenant Truffaut, and has given him every possible support. These contributions enabled the promoters of the scheme to carry out the very desirable project of giving the plants to the soldiers free. It was felt that if they among them found the means of cultivation, the gift of the plants would be only what

they deserved. It was by no means a serious expense. The whole purchases in 1917, including seeds, manure, soil, packing cases and a sum for material used during the season, totalled 17,465*l.* Under general expenses are put military services at 16,266*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* The soldiers received only their usual rate of pay, and were very glad to do the work. Transport cost 2,806*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*; rental 971*l.* 30*s.* The office expenses amounted to 1,862*l.* 25*s.* Water came to 231*l.*, mostly the cost of the watering machine. Salaries amounted to 1,550*l.* and unpaid bills to 2,327*l.* 20*s.* The depreciation of material was 1,622*l.* All the material bought was not employed, so that from the total cost of these things had to be deducted 4,304*l.* for such things in hand as seeds, packing cases, thread and so on, making the total cost of 25,000,000 plants produced 40,798*l.* 50*s.*, or the cost of 1,000,000 plants 1,631*l.* 94*s.* With care and good husbandry there is no reason why the British Army should not be supplied on equally moderate terms.

FIFTY YEARS' RETROSPECT

Further Memories, by Lord Redesdale. (Hutchinson.)

NEVER was there a time in English history when it was more important to investigate the records of the past with a view to ascertaining to what cause the present war is due and how far it might have been avoided. Upon this Lord Redesdale, who lived the greater part of his life in the very heart of affairs, is an invaluable witness. He is decided, for reasons that are simply incontrovertible, in his belief that the weakness of our Government in 1863-64 was the origin of Prussia's huge but ungratified ambition. Mr. Buckle has tried to formulate an argument to the contrary, his contention resting mainly on a belief that Russia would not have joined with us if we had intervened in favour of Denmark. Lord Redesdale does not agree with this. He was at St. Petersburg at the time and thoroughly posted up in knowledge of current affairs—by Lord Napier on the one hand and several Russian ministers on the other. He says Russia did not want to go to war, but was willing to sacrifice her wish for peace if England would only join with her and cry "Hands off!" to Prussia and Austria. But Court and other influences proved too strong for Lord Palmerston, whose clear mind, even in old age, saw with precision what consequences would follow from our abstention. In 1914 we drew the sword from the scabbard on a point of honour; in 1863 we refused to do so, though in both cases it was "a scrap of paper" which had been dishonoured. Lord Redesdale says:

"It is, I know, an absolute mistake to suppose that if we had carried out the policy indicated by Lord Palmerston in Parliament at the end of the Session of 1863 we should have stood alone. Russia would have been with us. Our position, supposing we had gone to war, would have been all to our advantage—as Lord John Manners pointed out, it would have been 'the most popular, the easiest and the cheapest war (for it can be managed by our Navy alone) of the century.' Lord John Manners was quite right. We should have sent our Navy to Danish waters, and we need not have sent out a single soldier."

The forces at work are very easily distinguished just now. In the first place stands Lord John Russell; in the next the time-servers (or rather *Times*-servers), who were powerful in moving the opinion of the day. Thaddeus Delane understood the question perfectly, but had not the resolution to oppose the policy which Queen Victoria supported with all the influence she could command. The result is concisely put thus:

"Free of England and Russia, Bismarck was able to carry out his full programme: (1) Kiel and a navy; (2) the crippling of Austria;

(3) the humiliation of France; (4) who can doubt what that was? The destruction of England's sea power, and the world under the heel of Prussia."

Another document of great value is the paper called "Commune," which is an account of a visit to Paris in 1871. It has human interest in the vivid sketch of M. Courbet, the *Ministre des Beaux-Arts* under the Commune, and historical value as a record of those stormy times in Paris that followed the war.

Another chapter of solid value is that devoted to Queen Victoria and Maria Theresa, two women potentates singularly alike in everything but personal appearance. It contains, among other things, a very characteristic anecdote about Dizzy, who hated cold above every other kind of weather, while Queen Victoria at Balmoral revelled in it: "How do you manage when you go to Balmoral?" I once asked Lord Beaconsfield, who was a chilly mortal. "The Queen is very gracious," was the answer, "she excuses me from going there." Lord Redesdale pays a fine tribute to the vigour and purity of Queen Victoria, but appreciation does not at all blind him to her many weaknesses:

"In all that concerns art Queen Victoria was essentially a woman of her own time, and it is in no sense derogatory to her to say that it was certainly not a happy time. In the plastic arts she had not the talent of her two brilliant daughters, the Empress Frederic and Princess Louise. It is true that her sketch-book was the constant companion of her holidays, and illustrated the diary of her travels; but her execution did not go much beyond the boundaries of the school-girl's album. The painters whom she chose to employ as portraitists—Winterhalter, Landseer, Von Angeli—were unluckily chosen."

But the book is something far more than a collection of facts and anecdotes. It is a disclosure of the working of a very charming and well informed mind. Lord Redesdale lived a *vita vitalis* if ever man did. His interests were boundless, and all pursued with an ardour only equalled by his knowledge. We almost forget when reading his analyses of political situations that he was one of the great gardeners of his day, and at Batsford delighted in the cultivation of plants and the production of colours and effects suitable to the pageant of the year. His point of view is well illustrated by a little story of the show of the Royal Horticultural Society in the Gardens of Chelsea Hospital:

"A few of us were standing looking at a grand display of orchids, when a charming lady turned round to me and said: 'Oh! how delicate, how

beautiful and how distinguished they are! Surely the very aristocracy of plant life! "No," I answered, "they are only the *nouveaux riches*. It is the old oaks of our parks and forests that are the aristocracy of plants."

This is used as a prelude to a noble dissertation on the brotherhood of venerable trees. First among them he places the oak, and he writes with sympathy of a certain squire of high degree who shortly before his death, thanking God for the length of his days, "boasted, not that his eighty years had been spent in the practice of piety and virtue, as doubtless was the case,

but that he had never cut down an oak." If ever a saga of England came to be written, the oak would be a central feature of it. It is connected with "the stories of old British kings and the mysterious liturgies of the golden-sickled Druids, those Brahmins of the Cassiterides." With equal ardour he praises the Scotch firs and their graceful consorts the birches. But when Lowell called the latter the most shy and ladylike of trees, he did not improve on Dorothy Wordsworth's immortal phrase. The whole chapter "Trees and Their Legends" forms a very noble and eloquent eulogy.

FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS

By J. M. DODINGTON.

Deserted is the Highland glen,
And alien earth lies o'er its men—

IN too many cases, alas! But their faithful four-footed friends remain—to look wistfully down the white road that winds by purple moor and silver loch for a glimpse of the beloved form, to listen with strained anxiety to the breeze which plays over the moss-hags in the fond hope of its wafting to their ears the accents of the beloved voice.

Of all the watchers I will venture to affirm that none looks and listens more eagerly than that most devoted of man's followers, the pointer. British, French, Italian,

"A pointer, and not a bad one," I said to myself, "what in the world is he carrying?"

As I gazed the animal swung swiftly to the right and vanished down a dark vicolo, a narrow passageway between tall, dilapidated, inordinately dirty tenements inhabited by the poorest of the poor, and in its swing the object dangling from its mouth was revealed. A "stocca-feesha," one of those horrible, split, dried, and terrifically salted codfish which hang in odoriferous bunches outside the Italian provision merchant's door.

A moment more and there surged by me the wild crowd of pursuers—men, women, and children bellowing and screeching with all the force of their Italian lungs. But at the entrance to the vicolo they stopped abruptly, and silence succeeded to the roar of many voices as the leader, a stout, red-faced man, whose apron proclaimed his calling, dashed the sweat-drops from his crimson forehead, raised hands and eyes to heaven, and thus delivered himself:

"Offspring of Satan! May appalling accidents befall that vilest of dogs and his descendants for all generations to come! May his unbelievably filthy ancestors burn to all eternity! . . . Once more the accursed bandit has escaped—for it is not wise to follow him to his thrice-banned master's door. The old man has a pistol—" A despairing shrug ended the sentence—a shrug that passed like a ripple over the shoulders of the crowd as they turned and slowly melted away.

Then a voice spake at my elbow, the voice of the cobbler at whose door my steps had been arrested: "Ah, the poor animal, can one blame him? Me, at least, I blame him not at all! To take from one who clutches gain, who swells at the eyes with fatness through his robbery of us all, and to give to the poor, starving old man, his master—to me, at least, that seems no sin, but a virtuous act!" Here the cobbler caught my eye and courteously explained:

"A poor old musician, Eccellenza, the first violin in a small travelling opera company. He falls ill of pneumonia—the company goes and leaves him here to starve, to die. As assuredly he would have done but for the faithful dog who daily forages for his beloved master"

A faithful dog, indeed! But was "stocca-feesha" suitable feeding for an old man recovering from pneumonia? The intelligence of even that wisest of dogs, the pointer, has its limitations!

From Dignity to Impudence. (Here I refer to the noble head of the photograph, not to the foregoing little tale!) From the stately pointer to the mercurial group in the stern of the fishing-coble. And as I gaze at the doughty "Scottish Eleven," I am reminded of the reply of the Devonshire yokel whose little dog I was admiring:

"Nice beast—what sort of a terrier is he?" I asked.

Jan's bovine brown eyes dwelt for a moment upon mine. "'Ur be jist a tarrier, zurr," he said, and slowly turned away.

Whatever the races whose blood meets and mingles in the veins of the Eleven, they are a famous sporting lot. Sassenach readers may shudder, but I can assure them that upon the Grampian Hills, where horse and hound are not—and, through the unkindness of rugged Nature, never can be—there is an entertaining form of *la chasse au renard* afforded by a bobbery pack of "tarriers" which hunt their quarry 'mid cliff and cairn. It is true that shot-guns are the final *modus operandi*, still—well, is this, for some, too painful a theme? Then I will pass on to another *chasse* in



W. Reid.

SPANIELS AND WILD DUCK.

Copyright.

Maltese, Portuguese—I have known all varieties of the race, and in every land their name is a synonym for unswerving fidelity. Can any of us forget Charles Reade's pointer, the farmer's dog in "Never too Late to Mend"? Can any of us have read of his devotion without a swelling of the throat and a smarting of the eyelids?

And as I sit, pen in hand, another memory flits through my mind, bringing with it a smile and a sigh. Some years ago I was walking *sotto i portici*—strolling down the narrow street of an ancient Italian town—when a terrific clamour burst upon my ear; shrieks, yells, tornadoes of whipcracks, torrents of wild vituperation, and past me, *ventre-à-terre*, in frantic flight rushed a lithe, mottled form.



A RAIDING PARTY.

which the little red rover figures not. Though if Southern otter-hunters should, perchance, be my readers——!

On the North-western coast of Scotland, especially on the rugged shores of the Hebrides, there are numerous caves, amounting in some places to miles of rock-roofed galleries, to which the sea-otter resorts in considerable numbers. A few give passage-way to a man, but nearly all give ample space for the "tarriers." No constricted badger's earth here in which one terrier is not allowed to follow upon the heels of another lest suffocation be the first one's portion,

but wide room for the whole pack. So in under the dripping stalactites they plunge; through gallery after gallery they pursue their quarry. Doubling, twisting, winding, at last they force the otters to the outer air and across the strip of sand towards the sea. And then—well, they do not reach the sea. For here, again, the man with the gun plays his part.

It is, I fear, in Scotland an ubiquitous weapon, that gun! We will turn to what a Southern sportsman would, perhaps, call its more legitimate use. Though even here he might be disagreeably critical.



W. Reid.

A SCOTTISH ELEVEN.

Copyright.



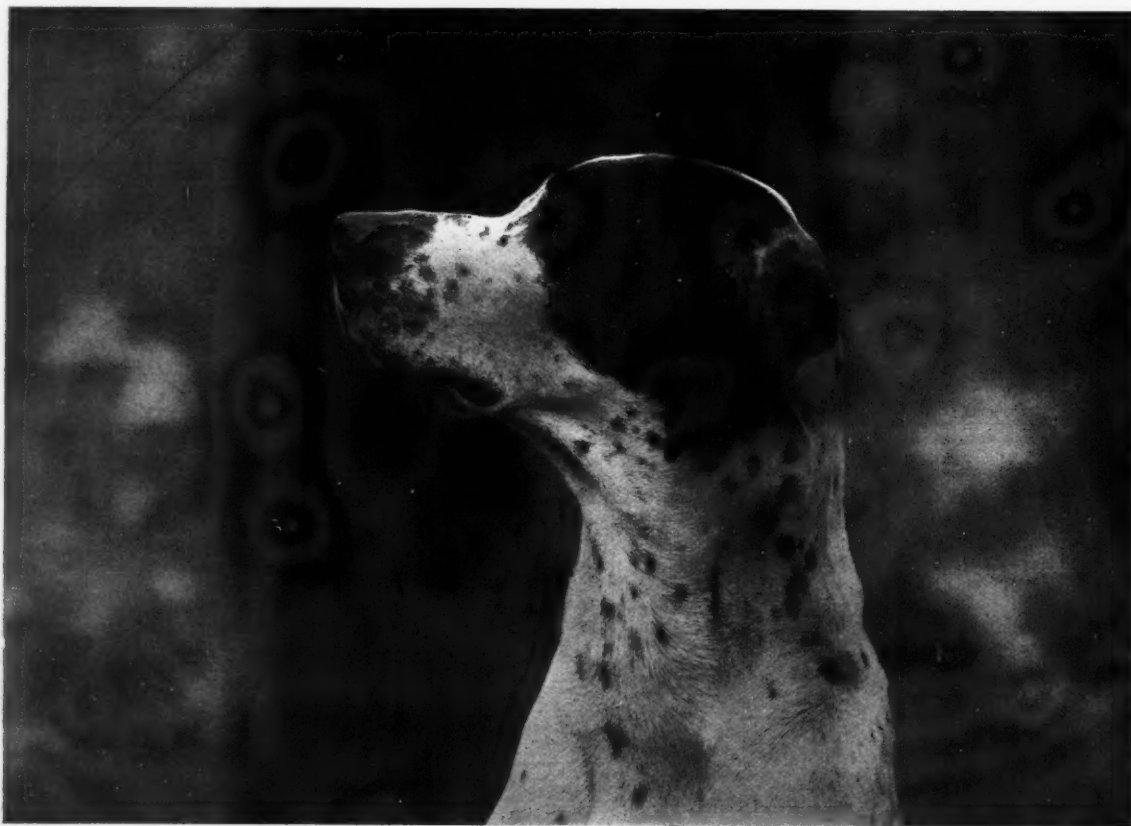
A RETRIEVER AT WORK.

"I say"—I can hear his very voice as he looks at this photograph of a fine retriever—"ain't it a bit dangerous to let a retriever fetch a *rabbit*, especially in a country full of impenetrable thickets of furze and bracken where you can't keep your eye on him? A bit apt to ignore the fallen birds and do a little coney-catching on his own, eh, what? Personally, I discourage all intimacy between the retriever and the too fascinating bunny-rabs. Leave 'em to the spaniel. But, of course, we all have our little fancies. . . ."

We have—and my friend has, perhaps, more than his share. "Personally"—as he would say—I have not the

slightest doubt that that fine specimen of his race who is carrying out the task appointed to him would be equally faithful in discharge of his duty, however entrancing the bunny odour in the brake were his quarry grouse, partridge or pheasant.

The milk-soft breeze from the west, blowing over leagues of honey-scented heather, is ruffling the ringlets of the two boon companions who sit in the prow of the coble with their quarry at their feet. Take him all in all, as sportsman or as friend, the spaniel is bad to beat. Sensitive—very, he is emphatically a dog to be educated to the highest point of efficiency by kindness and to be totally ruined by harsh



W. Reid.

A POINTER.

Copyright.

treatment. The beauty of his liquid eye is only equalled by the faithfulness of his loving heart. A stout heart, too, despite its softness towards its master—in India he tracks the tiger to his lair in the depths of the jungle and there faces him, undaunted. Almost as widely spread over the face of the globe as the pointer—who, however, surpasses him in his ability to withstand tropical heat—they rival each other in unswerving devotion to the man who rules their lives.

One spaniel of my acquaintance, Benny, a beautiful Cocker, accompanied his master to India some four years ago, and there made a great name as an unerring tracker of game, both big and small. About twelve months he spent in the country, then the whirlwind of Armageddon bore down upon the world. In its vortex it swept—tiniest of atoms!—the spaniel and the spaniel's master across the sea to Flanders. But there Benny made no long tarrying, for on his first leave his master bore him across the Channel and left him in the

safe keeping of a sister in the old grey house where the mists sweep in from the Atlantic and the gulls wheel, screaming, overhead.

On the broad bench inside the porch Benny lay day after day watching the road that winds downward through the glen, the road by which his master had disappeared. For over a year patiently and unweariedly he watched. Then one morning he suddenly started up, stood for a moment, tail quivering, eyes glowing with delight, every muscle tense. Only a moment—and the light faded from his eyes, his whole body seemed to collapse. He turned, stepped slowly down from the bench and, trailing wearily up to the fire which blazed in the open hearth, sat down before it and gazed dully into the heart of the burning logs. He never again got up on the bench, he never again watched the white road which winds downward through the glen. On that very morning his master had been killed—shot through the head as he led his men over the top. Explain it who will.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

NO playfulness is quite so delightful as that of a veteran scholar who has behind him years of experience and accumulations of knowledge. Even his trifling has a charm drawn from that disinterested labour which constitutes a life's work. Sir Francis Darwin, in the bundle of papers which he has put together and published under the title of *Rustic Sounds and Other Studies* (John Murray), has mingled with grave and serious discourses, such as those on "The Education of a Man of Science" and "Picturesque Experiments," many snatches of writing which admit us to the privilege of joining in his unconsidered trifling. The trifling is very interesting, because it wells up from a clear mind and a very human personality. The best example is that which has given the title to the book, *Rustic Sounds*. Here we have Sir Francis turning back to the days of his childhood. He makes us hear "the humming whistle of the boys' feet as they slid on the village pond," and "the wicked groaning crack that ran round the solitary pond on which we skated, as it unwillingly settled down to bear us on its surface." This was all, we presume, at Down, the pleasant country home in which the children of Charles Darwin were brought up. In winter nights the boys hear "the hooting of invisible owls, boldly calling to each other from one moonlit tree to another." That was before Lord Lilford unloosed the little owl to mingle its undignified squawk with the long, melancholy wail of its brown relative. In the spring the mind of Sir Francis goes back to the bleating of the young lambs, sounding querulous as they staggered "half fledged in the cold fields among the half-eaten turnips beside their dirty yellow mothers." The shepherd, he gives us to understand, was not a Dresden china one, but rather that tar-stained rustic whom Shakespeare, who knew his yokel well, put in "As You Like It."

And these reminiscences lead to a delightful account of the manner in which whistles were made. We thought the willow was the favourite tree, but it is a horse chestnut of which he chiefly speaks, and with a detail that shows his pleasure in the reminiscences, he explains how to make the tube of the whistle. You sucked the bark and thoroughly wetted it—at least that process was gone through, although the science of later days made it look superfluous—then you beat the bark all over with the haft of the knife and when it was well bruised it could be removed in one piece. Then the shiny white stick which remained in the other hand was cut in half, shaved and again fitted into its bark tube—and now—would it whistle? That was the critical question. Then Sir Francis goes on to gossip about birds. How he delighted in the "muttering chuckle" of the cuckoo, as well as in its "word in a minor third." Of the nightingale he has little to say, but of the nightjar much: "There is something unknown and primæval and vaguely threatening in his relentless simplicity." Of the robin he finds it hard to say "whether he has more of tears or smiles in his recitative," but alas and alack the day, the robin was nearly squeezed out of existence by the big frost! To the chaffinch he is scarcely just, perhaps, because there are so many chaffinches at Down. But he loves to hear the greenfinch "repeat the word 'Squeeze' as he sits hidden in the heavy shade of the

summer elms," and he also has a good word for "his twinkling bell-note with its contented simplicity." The harsh warning of the jay he takes to mean "Man! man!" as he skulks off when his wood is invaded.

Like Tennyson, he remembers in the early summer "the sweep of scythe in morning dew," and describes the scene thus: "The field has been a great sea of tall grasses, pink with sorrel and white with dog-daisies, a sacred sea into which we might not enter." In his youth, too, the cry of harvest was "'Stand fast!' warning the man in the cart, whose duty it was to arrange the pitched-up hay, that a move was to be made," and a family sound was that made by his father, who daily tramped round a little wood planted by himself and christened the Sandwalk.

As he paced round it he struck his heavy iron-shod walking-stick against the ground, and its rhythmical click became a familiar sound that spoke of his presence near us, and was associated with his constant sympathy in our pursuits. It is a sound that seems to me to have lasted all those years that stretch from misty childish days until his death. I am sure that all his children loved that sound.

Equally charming, though slighter, is a little paper on "A Lane in the Cotswolds." It is a tale of a walk in May, at that time when the timid ash is still a grey anatomy and its black buds have not yet got up their courage, and these are the flowers of the down:

The buttercups are beginning their golden show, and there is not much else to decorate the fields, except daisies and the cheerful dandelions. These last are still growing obliquely, and not yet staring boldly up at the sky, as in later life. There is also an occasional patch of bugle—sturdy little blue sentinels, and a few purple orchids. In the upper meadows where the wind is cold the daisies bend their stalks and lay their heads on the ground (as they do at night), and their little noses look red like poor Marian's in Shakespeare's winter song.

The chapter is a charming piece of conversation.

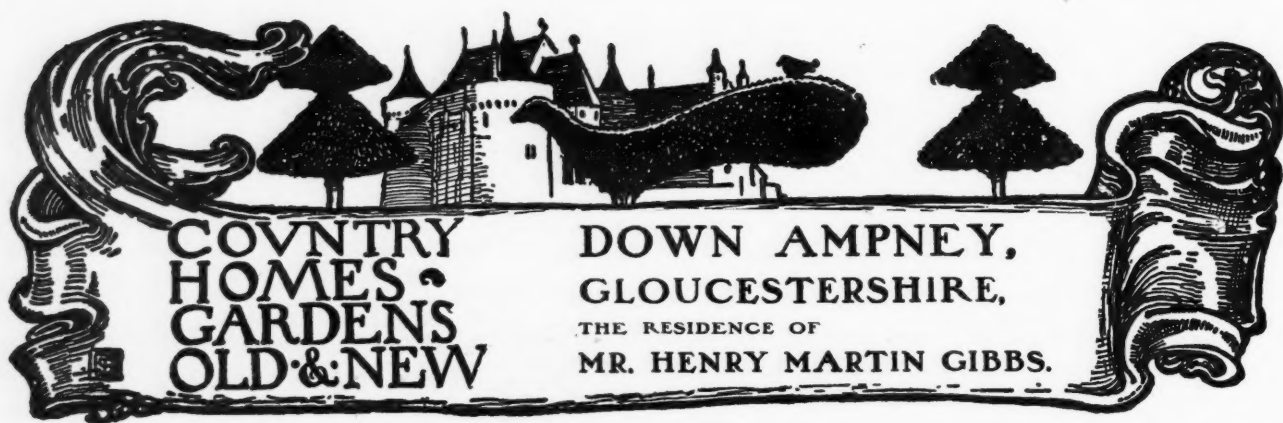
"The Pipe and Tabor" is a chapter to delight those engaged in the folk revival, and "War Music" a discourse suggested by the first six months of war. Sir Francis does not altogether approve of the frivolity with which his countrymen regard marching songs.

The Englishman is habitually afraid of being solemn, and though his marching songs may contain good things they are apt to be treated in a light spirit. There is one which includes the words "Rule, Rule, Britannia!" and "God Save the Queen!" but these famous phrases serve as chorus to lighthearted fragments, e.g., nursery rhyme, such as "Little Miss Muffett." I regret to add that even this classic is not respectfully used. It should run, "There came a great spider and sat down beside her and frightened Miss Muffett away." I forget the precise words of the parody, except its ending, "And Little Miss Muffett said, 'Bother the creature!'"

Yet afterwards he comes to the conclusion that a well marked rhythm is all that is needed for average people.

"John Brown's body," etc., is an admirable march, though taken from its context of tramping soldiers it is hardly a fine tune. But so far as words are concerned it must be allowed that the refrain, "His soul goes marching along," is in the right mood for a war song.

The chapter on Jane Austen is singular in many respects, full of clever, acute observation, and rounded off with an application of scientific method to criticism that is at once amusing and perceptive. Evidently Sir Francis Darwin knows and loves his Jane.



ABOUT six miles south-east of the ancient town of Cirencester, with its Roman memories and, perhaps, the finest church porch that England can show, and some three miles north of the quaint townlet of Cricklade, redolent of Anglo-Saxon history, and boasting a central lantern tower to its church unmatched in all Wiltshire, lies the charming village of Down Ampney—one of four Ampney villages that cluster to the east of Cirencester. The village is right away from the church and the manor house. The trusting stranger visiting it from either of the above-mentioned towns should be warned that he is coming to an inn-less Eden, where the "good entertainment for man and beast" that used to be the boast of our village hostelries is not to be had; nor will he find it in the neighbouring village of Latton, just across the Wiltshire border. It is fair to say that both villages seem to get along very comfortably without inns; only the stranger within their gates suffers for the austere virtue of the natives.

The beauty of the surrounding country, the limestone soil—we are here on the border of the Cotswolds—and the keenly bracing air must be taken as compensating natural advantages. It is a country of rich pasturelands, trout

streams and water meadows, where "the willows by the brooks" are a familiar feature; and far away stretch out blue distances, ranges of hills, copses and church spires—a strangely peaceful country, in which hardly a sound seems to break the stillness, and in this war-time, bereft of its male population, it seems doubly deserted. Yet the broad high roads are there, the roads that were made near two thousand years ago by the Roman conquerors. They stretch out across the flat foreground into the dim perspective of the horizon—the Ermine Way and the Fosse Way crossing each other at Cirencester like the arms of a St. Andrew's Cross, pointing N.W. to S.E. and N.E. to S.W. Naturally, such a country is rich in legends of titanic conflicts between Roman and Briton, Briton and Saxon, Saxon and Dane. Cirencester, as its name tells us, was a Roman castrum of some importance, and the town abounds in relics of the Roman occupation, which took place about the year 50 A.D. At Chedworth, close to the Fosse Way, some twelve miles north of Down Ampney, the remains of a Roman villa—one of the four first-rate ones found in this country—were discovered in 1864. The fact that four crosses were found here—one of the few positive evidences of Romano-British

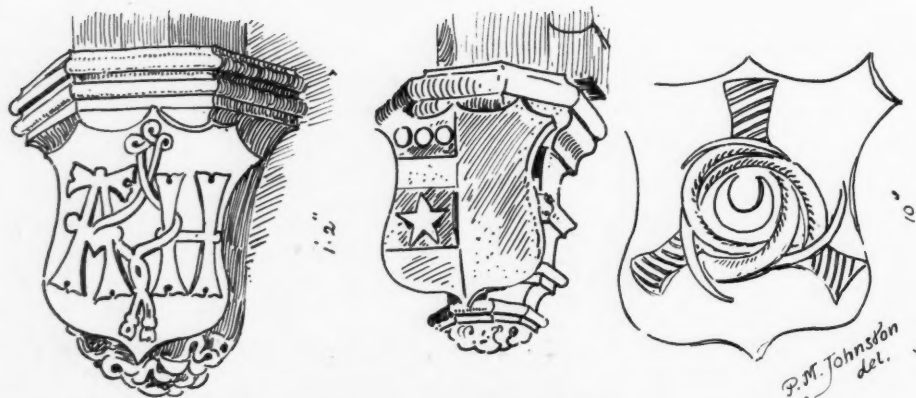




Copyright.

DETAIL OF GATEHOUSE FROM DRIVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

DEVICES ON ROOF CORBELS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Christianity in Gloucestershire—lends additional interest to this discovery.

Cirencester, with the other Romano-British cities of Bath and Gloucester, fell to the Saxon conquerors in 577, but it was best part of a century later before Christianity, crushed out by this Hun invasion of old time, was reintroduced under the auspices of Wulphere, King of Mercia. A later wave of invasion—this time by the Danes—took place

At the northern end of the bridge or ford of the River Thames, which takes its rise not far from here at a place called Aust, in 603 St. Augustine of Canterbury held his celebrated conference with the bishops and doctors of the British Church. Down Ampney is near enough to this famous spot to be permitted to share its fame. Enough has been said in this sketch to indicate the historical interest as well as the natural charms of the setting. Let us turn to the house and church.

Doubtless both occupy the sites of far older buildings. We may take it that there was a settlement here under the Saxon sway, and probably during the Roman occupation; how far earlier it is useless to speculate. And though the church has nothing to show of earlier date than the charming late-twelfth century arcades of its nave, we may assume that these were pierced through older Norman or Saxon walls. Similarly, the house stands upon the site of a manor house which was old when the manor was granted by Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, a son of Henry III, to Sir Nicholas de Villiers, in 1270. But it would be difficult to point to stonework even of that date, though probably it exists in the foundations and the core of some of the walls. The Hungerford family came into possession in about 1361, and remained lords of the manor till 1658. The architectural features of the present house date from a rebuilding in 1537, when the house belonged to the Hungerfords. Sir Anthony Hungerford, who succeeded his father, Sir John, in 1525, was the builder of the charming gate-house, of the great hall, and certain other works, many of which have vanished in later rebuildings, or have been metamorphosed into more modern forms. The estates were purchased by an ancestor of the Earl of St. Germans, the present owner, early in the eighteenth century. They have been held for a long term by Mr. H. Martin Gibbs.

As one approaches the house from the east by a lane bordered with elms and horse-chestnuts, entrance is gained through some fine wrought iron gates, set in massive eighteenth century



Copyright.

DETAIL OF ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

stone piers; and immediately in the rear of these is the Gothic gateway built by Sir Anthony Hungerford in 1537. The peculiarity of this is that it presents to the world an archway with a crocketed gable over it and flanking walls covered with stone tiled roofs—all purely domestic in treatment; while on the other side towards the courtyard and hall are two semi-octagonal towers crowned with battlements, quite military in character—as though by a mistake the plan had been reversed in execution. In the outer face are two bays, each with three-light mullioned windows in the ground and first floor storeys, and there is a similar window of three elliptical arched lights under a hood-moulding over the richly moulded four-centred archway. Between the two is an oblong panel in which two winged and naked boys or angels, hold up a shield with the Hungerford arms—sable, two bars argent, and in chief three plates, with a mullet on the lower bar. The panel is flanked by twisted shafts. All the walls are faced with fine-jointed ashlar. The gable, of about 50 deg. pitch, has a moulded coping with large crockets on its ridge, and an octagonal battlemented finial. Behind, two charming little stone chimneys rise from the main roof-ridge, which runs at right angles with this gable. They have moulded bases from which rise circular stalks of spiral reeded pattern. The caps are indented or scalloped on plan. These chimneys have two stalks to each stack, and are connected with old stone fireplaces in the ground and first floor rooms. Another chimney of oblong plan, richly panelled with quatre-foil tracery in stone, is carried up above the roof gable on the south end, the corresponding position on the north being occupied by an octagonal finial with an ogee capping. Both gables, like that over the gateway, have moulded stone coping crocketed, but alternating with the crockets are couchant heraldic beasts (? sheep or dogs).

Within the archway, which has not preserved its wooden gates, doors lead right and left to the ground storey rooms, and other doors in the octagon turrets conduct to the upper storey.

The rear elevation is also in fine jointed ashlar of a pleasant weather-stained yellow tint, enhanced by the silvery oyster-grey of the small stone slates on the roofs, and by the Virginia creeper, which was in crimson perfection when seen by the writer on a lovely September afternoon. The windows and moulded string-courses are of the same character as on the other side; so also is the crocketed and pinnacled gable over the archway which fits in very charmingly between the octagonal turrets. These are in three stages, with single and two-light windows. Over the gateway is a prettily shaped heraldic shield between two balusters, too much covered by the creeper to show the arms—probably the same as on the eastern face. The arch of the gateway is the same four-centred form, but on this western side its mouldings are different, and the inner order rises from a moulded corbel, instead of being continuous. All round the building is a chamfered plinth. The

whole design of this remarkable gateway is noteworthy for refinement and careful finish in every detail.

Turning to the hall, which is separated by a wide courtyard from the gateway, it is at once evident that we have the work of the same designer on both. On the wainscot as well as on a stone panel over the porch, now destroyed, was the date 1537, and the house must have been newly rebuilt when Leland in his itinerary (the "Journey through Wiltshire," 1540-1542) described it as a "fair house of stone." One may pause here and recall at what a fateful time the house was in building. In 1536 the smaller religious houses had been dissolved by Henry VIII and



Copyright.

HUNGERFORD PEW.

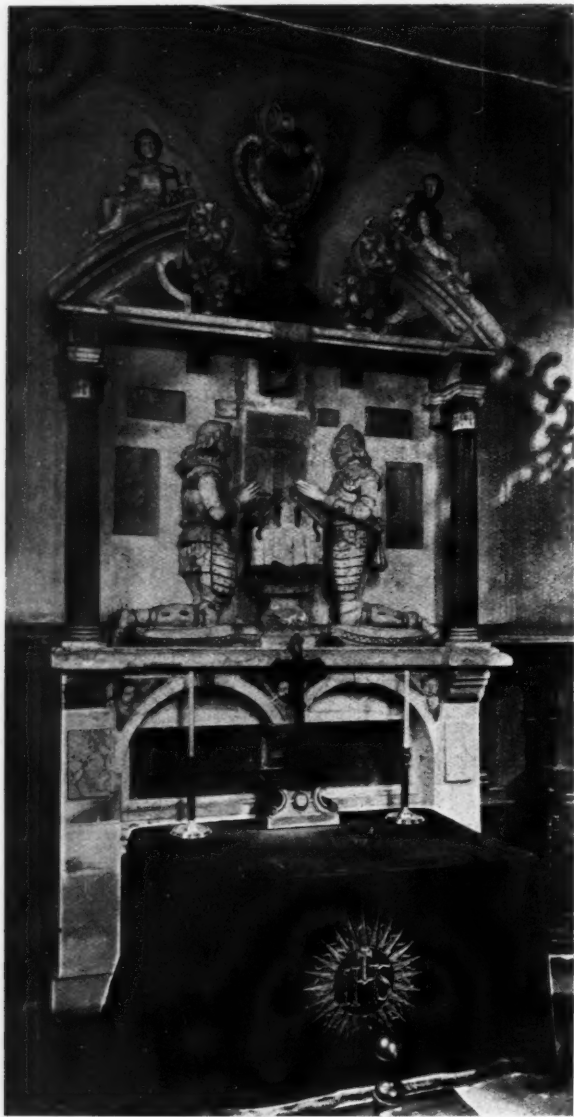
"COUNTRY LIFE."

his minister, Cromwell. In 1539 the larger houses fell a prey to the greedy tyrant, who, in the very year of the building of this house, had stamped out in blood the Pilgrimage of Grace. The year before, his second wife, Anne Boleyn, had gone to the scaffold, and her place had been taken by Jane Seymour; Wolsey had fallen, Thomas Cromwell was still in the ascendant, and with him the Protestant Reformation was growing in power. It was an era of convulsion and change, when old traditions were cast aside and new ideas in religion, in government, and in the arts were occupying men's minds.

One would expect such a house as Down Ampney to reflect the unsettled changeful temper of the times; but

though the finger of the Italian Renaissance is traceable here and there, the predominating note is the old national Gothic in its latest Perpendicular phase. There were other buildings and out-offices besides the great hall, but they have passed away, or been altered out of all recognition. This applies also to the back, or western, side of the hall, which has been changed into an eighteenth century dress; and on the north side, where are pleasant Georgian rooms in a two-storied wing. The Tudor entrance porch and doorway have disappeared and their place is taken by a doorway in eighteenth century Gothic, reminding one of Dance's porch to the Guild-hall, London. This doorway cuts off the lower part of one of the great windows of the hall.

The hall measures internally 46ft. by 24ft., with walls a yard thick. It is of four bays, divided by slender buttresses, 18ins. wide, and the windows, which are of four lights and three tiers, are placed in the alternate bays, a string-course



Copyright. THE HUNGERFORD MONUMENT. "C.L."

and battlementing crowning the whole. Behind rises a roof of good pitch, stone slated, and the gable ends are coped with the same ridged moulding as in the gate-house, ornamented with alternate crockets of rather sprawly foliage and crouching beasts. At the apex is an octagonal pinnacle with ogee capping.

A very remarkable feature is the tall Gothic stone chimney-shaft, well shown in the accompanying photograph. Such an ornamental stone chimney is more common in brick-work than in stone. It is curiously reminiscent of the nook-shafts in a late Norman doorway at the Church of Latton, hard by. There are the same spiral zig-zag lines, but here they are broken in the centre by a band of diamond tracery. The chimney cap is of invected outline on plan, with miniature battlementing. The shaft rises from a square base, with elaborate stops and moulded weatherings, and this rests on a length of unbroken parapet between the battlementing, on which is a shield bearing the Hungerford arms. There is a slight variety in the treatment of the label

terminations of the windows, some being returned, others forming a curved diamond stop. Variety also appears in the finish of the buttresses. Three have quatrefoils within a square on the middle stage; the other three have a shield with the arms of Hungerford and the family badge of three interlaced sickles, enclosing a mullet.

The battlemented parapet and all the dressings are, of course, in the pleasant yellow tinted stone of the locality, but the plain wall surfaces appear to be only of rubble, plaster-coated.

After this Gothic outside work, the interior is decidedly disappointing, it being cut up both vertically and horizontally by partitions, floors and ceilings inserted in the eighteenth century. These alterations, though doubtless on the side of comfort and convenience, are to be deplored architecturally, as the beautiful and elaborate open timber roof is hidden from view, except for the hammer-beams, pendants, and stone corbels that so quaintly project into the first floor rooms. Admission to the roof is only possible at present by a trap-door, through which, in the semi-darkness, its noble proportions and beautiful details can be dimly discerned. As above stated, the span is 24ft.—wider than the nave of most parish churches. It has moulded principals, ridge-piece and purlins. The plates are masked by a moulded cornice and each bay has a pair of curved wind-braces. The hammer-beam construction—that peculiar glory of mediæval English carpentry—is very perfect in each bay, and the timbers are of a rich brown oak, and almost as sharp as when first put here. Shields appear to have been originally on the ends of the hammer-beams. In the upper part is a plain collar, supported by a pair of queen-posts and arched braces. These rest upon a moulded collar-beam, about 12ins. by 8ins., and this meets the moulded posts that rest upon the hammer-beams, which in turn are supported by a wall-piece and curved bracket of pierced tracery. Tracery of varied designs, between muntins, is used to enrich the spandrel-pieces, with charming effect; from below it would look like lace-work; and from the apex of the main arch and from the hammer-beams are delicately carved pendants of undercut foliage and mouldings. It is in these that a rare touch of Italian art is noticeable—in the acanthus-like foliage and a sort of egg and dart moulding. The stone corbels on which the wall-pieces rest appear, together with the lower range of pendants, in the first-floor bedrooms; but the beauty of their mouldings and carving is largely hidden, except in one room, by thick coats of yellow-wash. The stone corbels are worked with an elaborate suite of mouldings, terminating with a Tudor rose, and on each corbel is carved in relief a shaped shield bearing the arms of Hungerford; the same quartered with other charges; the family badge of three interlaced sickles; a variant of this last, in which the sickles enclose a *sickle* moon; and another variant of a "garbe," or wheatsheaf, between two sickles, which was also a cognizance of the Hungerfords. (Three wheatsheaves formed the crest of the Earls of Chester.) Another, recording a family alliance, bears (left) the Hungerford coat, and (right) two quarterings, in which appear to be (1) two antelopes' heads, two bars, a bend and a sickle or crescent moon; and (2) three nebules, a sickle moon and a bend. Another shows Hungerford quartered with an escarbuncle. The corbel in the south-west angle bears on its shield the initials "A H" joined by an elegant knotted and tasselled cord. There are said to have been originally twenty-four shields bearing these arms, badges, initials and the date 1537.

Down Ampney Church, as might be expected, has many links with the lords of the Hall, which it so closely adjoins. It is, in fact, abreast of the gate-house, as it appears in the photograph. Its chief feature is the beautiful thirteenth century tower and stone spire. The upper stage of the tower has its windows designed in a sort of arcade, with moulded arches and shafts, and over this a parapet with block corbels. The stonework, though weather-stained and lichen-coated, is extraordinarily sharp, and has preserved the peculiar orange-pink colour natural to it. A clerestoried nave and aisles, south porch, transepts and chancel, with modern vestry and organ-chamber, complete the plan.

In the south transept are two very fine monuments of an early lord and lady of Down Ampney. The fine Carolean monument in the north transept is illustrated in the two accompanying photographs. The first of these shows the restored screen of the Hungerford chapel in the north transept—a very rich piece of Carolean woodwork, in which may be seen the Hungerford arms occupying a large painted panel in the lower part. On the cornice is painted "SIR ANTHONY: HUNGERFORD." The monument appears through the baluster columns of the screen and more fully in the second photograph. PHILIP MAINWARING JOHNSTON.

CROMWELL RELICS AND OTHER COLLECTIONS AT CHEQUERS

BY H. AVRAY TIPPING.

HOW and when did the Cromwell portraits and other relics reach Chequers? That is a point no one appears to have cleared up. What his descendants did, to the last moment of their occupation, was to treasure and preserve them, taking it for granted that they had come there with Frances, lady Russell, whom they believed was "mistress here." But we have seen

who was married to Lord Fauconberg at Hampton Court "with great pomp and magnificence" on November 19th, 1657. Besides his inherited seat of Newburgh Priory, he afterwards acquired Sutton Court in Chiswick, and this he left to his wife for her life when he died in 1700. Here, says Waylen, she was joined by her sister, Frances, whose second husband, Sir John Russell, had died in 1669, and



1.—CROMWELL'S SWORDS.

that she died forty-two years before the estate passed to one of the Cromwell blood. James Waylen—whose "House of Cromwell," published in 1880, contains very complete "genealogical tables of the Protector Oliver's descendants to the present day" and also a section on "Cromwellian personal relics"—gives a list of the latter "in the custody either of Mrs. Bush of Duloe rectory, or Mrs. Huddleston of Bishop's Teignton, or in the Prescott family of 13 Oxford Street, W." He also mentions those that were at Newburgh Priory and some others. But the Chequers collection he almost entirely passes over, although he gives a print of the picture of Cromwell as a child (Fig. 6). Yet nowhere else is there so complete a series of portraits of himself and his family, or a larger number of objects connected with him. This may be because they represent not only the share of his youngest daughter, Frances, but also part of what came to her sister Mary

whose eldest son, Sir William, sold the family place in Cambridgeshire about 1690. After the death of the Protector, followed by the collapse of the Commonwealth, the Fauconbergs were the leading and most prosperous members of the family. To Newburgh, tradition says, were secretly brought for reinterment the headless remains of the great Oliver when they were cast forth from

Westminster Abbey at the Restoration. That Restoration Fauconberg assisted. He was therefore well received at Court, was made Lord-Lieutenant of his County and a Privy Councillor, and purchased Sutton Court in 1676 as a convenient country place close to London. It is described in his widow's time as "*Un bijou*;" it has three parterres from three fronts of the house, each finely adorned with statues." This lady, whose position and wealth were never in question, would be far more likely to possess family portraits and mementoes of her father than her younger sister, who was

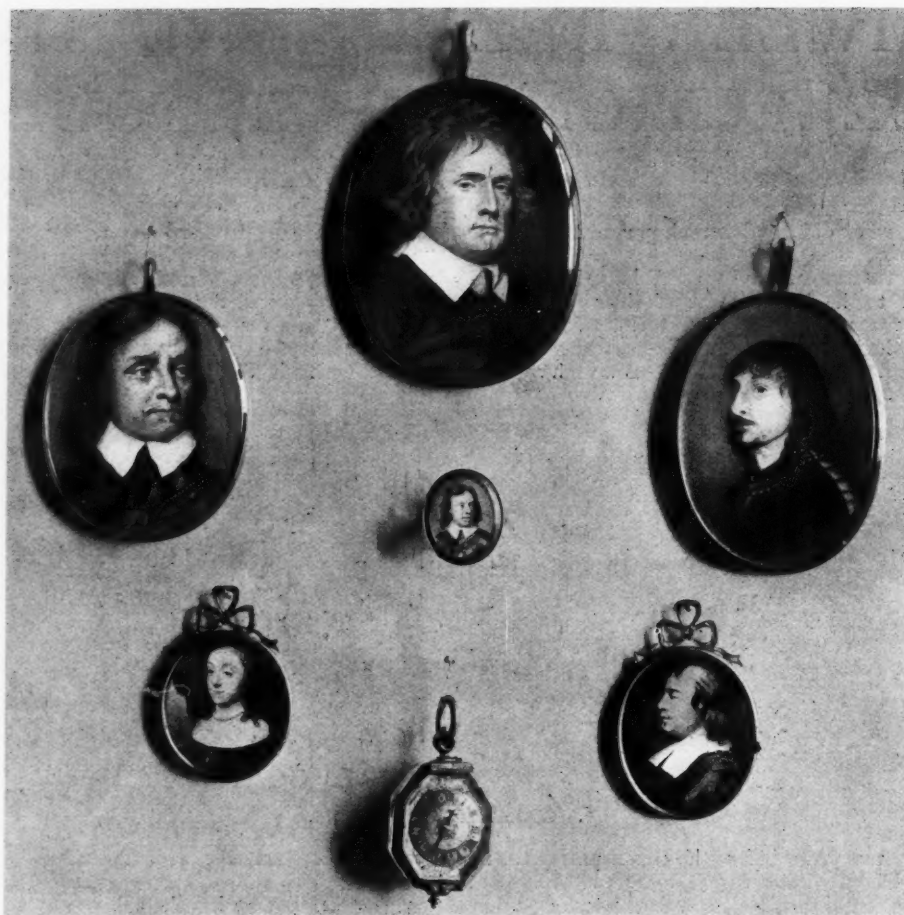


2.—EARLY XVII CENTURY CLOCK PROBABLY BELONGING TO CROMWELL.

merely Widow Rich when that father died, and so remained till she became Lady Russell and mistress of Chippenham for the short space of six years, from 1663 to 1669. But the Fauconberg dowager was childless and left all she could, even of Fauconberg property, to her own relations when she died in 1713. What more likely than that her sister, who had made her home with her, thus largely added to her own Cromwelliana, especially in the matter of the series of half-length portraits,

including the canvas of Lady Fauconberg now at Chequers. This, in itself no more than conjecture, does not raise even a corner of the veil of where the collection was for some years before it came to Chequers. If it had been at Chippenham where did it go to when that place was sold? Of the vendor's subsequent life or that of his elder son nothing is known except the latter's demise in Ireland, while Francis the younger son lived and died in India. The Chiswick property went to Sir Thomas Frankland, whose mother had been Lord Fauconberg's sister. Was it as the guest of his uncle and aunt, at a time when the widowed Lady Russell also lived there, that he met the latter's daughter and married her? So that when Lady Fauconberg died in 1713 Lady Russell's daughter may have continued to offer a home to her and her possessions until John Russell, the younger son, marrying the owner of Chequers, had a place fit for their reception. In either case the collection can at first have been there "on deposit" only, for until the death of the Revett brothers in 1763 Chequers belonged neither actually nor potentially to a Cromwell descendant.

From this somewhat misty investigation



3.—Oliver Cromwell.

John Pym, by S. Cooper.

Earl of Derby.

Oliver Cromwell on a ring, by S. Cooper.

Elizabeth Claypole, by S. Cooper.

Mrs. Cromwell's watch.

Oliver Cromwell in enamel.

was a younger brother of the expensive and impecunious Sir Oliver Cromwell of Hinchinbrock, and had but a cadet's portion of that impoverished estate. Until his early death he lived on it at Huntingdon. There the future Protector was born, and there, no doubt, the little panel of him as a child of two was painted. He passed on to Bury School and to Sidney Sussex College, which Laud disliked as "a nursery of puritanism." Though "well read in Greek and Roman Story," the undergraduate "was more famous for his exercises in the field than in the Schools." Thence he went to London to learn the law, married the daughter of Sir James Bouchier, London citizen and Essex landowner, and took her down to Huntingdon when his father's death made it necessary for him to look after the family property such as it was. Some half century must have passed before the two year old babe of the early panel was depicted as a mailed warrior by Samuel Cooper (Fig. 7). Taught by his uncle, John Hoskins, the miniature painter of Charles I's time, Samuel surpassed his uncle in the art and was coming into full vogue when the Civil War broke out. If he painted the exceptionally



4.—LIFE MASK OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

fine miniature of John Pym (Fig. 3)—as he probably did, for it is an exceptionally fine example of his work—from life, he did so as a young man, for he was little over thirty when the Parliamentary leader died. By his delicate brush are also the Chequers miniature of Mrs. Claypole, fully signed by him at the back (Fig. 3), and the ring (Fig. 3) showing a smaller edition of the likeness of the Protector, with a fine blue background. Tradition has it that the father gave this ring to his youngest daughter, the girl widow, on his death-bed. Another miniature (Fig. 3), perhaps copied from the Cooper, has an inscription, apparently contemporary, stating that it was a gift to Queen Christina of Sweden. It may never have been presented owing to her abdication. The quarrel with the Dutch arising, Cromwell sought an alliance with Sweden, and sent Bulstrode Whitelocke as Ambassador to the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus in 1653. Among the gifts he bore to the Queen this miniature may have failed to be included owing to its not having been finished in time. Whitelocke found the Queen full of her projected abdication, but he did not know of her conversion to and intended journey to Rome. That would certainly prevent the later transmission of the miniature. Christina, indeed, when Rome and France were offended by her murder of Monaldeschi in 1657, wished to visit England, but her emissary entirely failed to extract an invitation from Cromwell. Of him there is at Chequers a portrait by Robert Walker, who painted him repeatedly, showing him in armour with a page tying on his sash. It closely resembles that which is now in the National Portrait Gallery, but formerly belonged to the family of Frances Cromwell's first husband. A little enamel profile (Fig. 3) completes the painted presentments of Cromwell at Chequers, but there is also



6.—OLIVER CROMWELL AS A CHILD.

masks are therefore unusual, and as neither the Cromwell mould nor any contemporary replica of the cast are known to exist, the Chequers example is a rarity indeed. It is full of life and expression, and testifies to the exactness of the Cooper miniature down to the wart above the right eye. It may be this miniature which is referred to in an anecdote concerning Benjamin West,

related in "Notes and Queries" in 1865. The painter was at work on his picture of Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament, and wished to see "a miniature of great repute, then belonging to an ancient lady, a member of the Russell family."

Now, as the picture was among the late ones of this artist, who lived till 1820, the lady referred to can only be Mary Russell, whom we saw last week owning Chequers from 1804 to her death nine years later. Though bedchamber woman to Princess Amelia, she was proud of her descent from Cromwell, and all this tallies with the anecdote. West "was ushered along with others into the lady's bedroom, where she appeared propped up with pillows and dressed with plumes and jewels." The miniature was handed to him, and he referred to it as that of "Cromwell." The word was no sooner out of his mouth than the treasured object was snatched out of his hand by its offended owner, who declared: "In my presence he is never spoken of but as my Lord Protector." The anecdote adds that after her death the miniature was lost sight of and said to be gone abroad. But if the story happens to be true, it seems likely that it will have passed to the Greenhills and be still at Chequers.

Of Cromwell's children the Chequers portraits of Mrs. Fleetwood and of Lady Fauconberg are reputed to be by

Cornelius Janssen, the Court painter who left for Holland in 1643. Therefore they were only nineteen and seven years old respectively when he left, and the attribution must be incorrect, unless he made an unrecorded later visit to England. The portrait of Lady Russell—which, judging from the costume, was painted late in life—is by Dahl, and one of the two of Richard Cromwell is, like that of his father, by R. Walker. More interesting than the second

one in plaster. This "life mask" (Fig. 4) is quite different to the death mask now in the London Museum. To have one's face embedded in plaster of Paris and thus get a mould of the living features cannot be a pleasant process and is not often resorted to. Life

Protector's portraits is a document signed by him (Fig. 8). Of much intelligence, good manners and address, Richard Cromwell lacked strength of character or desire to rule. Hence the task, which seemed growing too difficult even for his

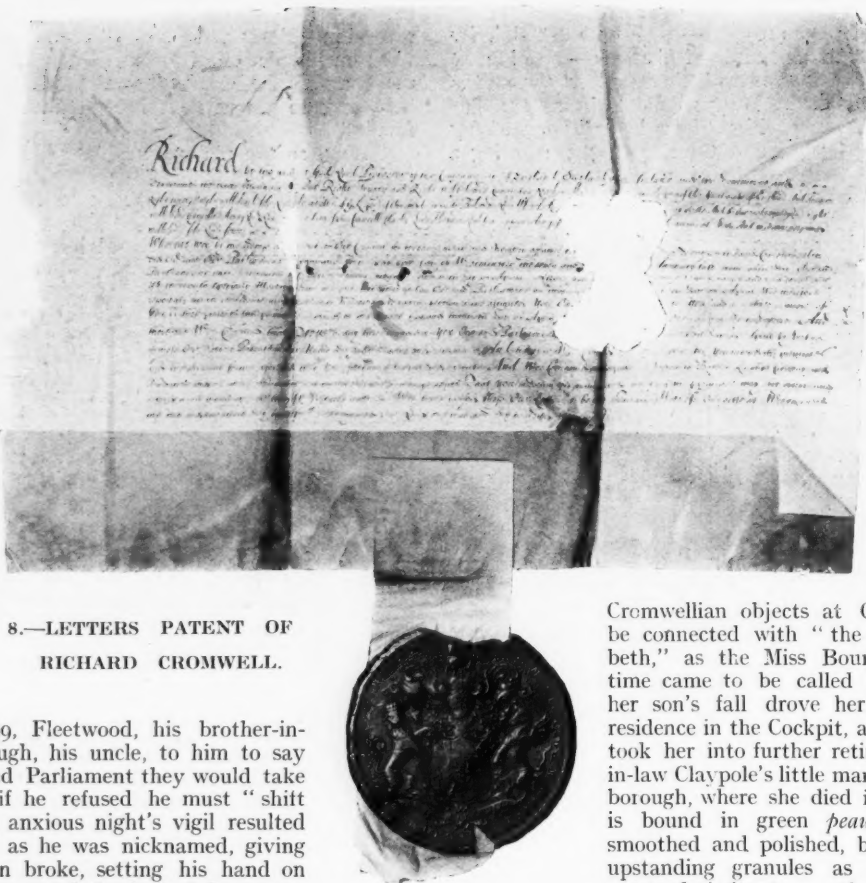
7.—MINIATURE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.
By S. Cooper.

father during the last months of his life, was altogether beyond him. The Royalists were rapidly gaining strength and the Republicans were divided into the hostile camps of Army and Parliament. The latter sought to prevent the political importance of the former by forbidding its leaders to meet in council. Neither party cared for Richard's protectorship except to make use of it. He would have

5.—ELIZABETH CROMWELL, THE PROTECTOR'S MOTHER.

preferred siding with the Parliament, and when Fleetwood, as chief in command, ordered an army rendezvous at St. James's, Richard ordered another at Whitehall. But as he declared, "I will not have a drop of blood spilt for the preservation of my greatness which is a burden to me," it is no wonder that Fleetwood rather than Richard was obeyed by the regiments. So on the night of April 21st, 1659, Fleetwood, his brother-in-law, sent Desborough, his uncle, to him to say that if he dissolved Parliament they would take care of him, but if he refused he must "shift for himself." An anxious night's vigil resulted in "Queen Dick," as he was nicknamed, giving way, and, as dawn broke, setting his hand on the left-hand top corner of the desired document. The signature has faded, but the engrossing is clear enough except where, as it seems, a Chequers rat has sampled the parchment. The great seal is also almost perfect. Richard's few months of power did not produce a seal of his own, and it is still his father's that hangs from the last of his Letters Patent. His military relatives had used him. They wanted him no longer. He was discarded as an unimportant superfluity. It was, however, not his two military relatives, but John Lambert who reaped the reward. He had retired in dudgeon in 1657. Now the army clamoured for him, and he practically ruled England for a while. But, though still only forty years of age, he seems to have lost the decision and grasp of situation that had pushed him early to the front. He, and not Monck, might have brought back the King in 1660. The admirable portrait of him at Chequers bears out his character as given in a newsletter of 1653: "A gentleman born, learned, well qualified, of courage, conduct, good nature and discretion." The Royalists thought so much of him that they suggested a marriage between his daughter and the Duke of York if he would join them. This he declined, moved his larger army against Monck's, but lay inactive as it melted away. And so in place of honour, wealth and a dukedom, he earned thirty-seven years of captivity. The Chequers portrait was in a bad state and little thought of. But recently on being cleaned, not only its high quality, but the signature of Ferdinand Bol was revealed. Bol was educated at Amsterdam in the School of Rembrandt, and proved a most worthy pupil, as anyone looking at the Chequers picture will readily admit.

8.—LETTERS PATENT OF
RICHARD CROMWELL.



9.—GENERAL JOHN LAMBERT.
By Ferdinand Bol.

How did painter and sitter meet? The only moment when Lambert could have gone to Holland was on his retirement during the last period of Oliver's Protectorate. But his biographers do not mention such a journey, nor is Bol credited with ever having visited England. It would be an interesting point to investigate.

Among Cromwellian objects at Chequers two may be connected with "the Protectress Elizabeth," as the Miss Bouchier of James I's time came to be called for a while before her son's fall drove her from an official residence in the Cockpit, and the Restoration took her into further retirement at her son-in-law Claypole's little manor house at Northborough, where she died in 1672. Her bible is bound in green *peau de chagrin*, not smoothed and polished, but left rough with upstanding granules as produced by the mustard irritant on the undressed horse skin, which was the original mode of producing shagreen. It was popular with the Cromwell family, for Lady Fauconberg had a knife, fork and spoon in a shagreen case that had belonged to her father; and her brother Richard left her by will a "shagreen truncke" although he had raised £50 on it from his landlady, Mrs. Pengelly. Mrs. Cromwell's bible has silver mounts framing the shagreen and has her autograph. It was printed

in 1656 "By His Highness' Printers," but evidently falling into Tory hands after the Restoration, the word "Highness" has been erased from the title pages of both Old and New Testaments. The other object probably connected with her is an octagon watch (Fig. 3), made in London by James Cowy, which must be classed with a clock (Fig. 2) found locked away with the life mask when Sir Arthur Lee first went to Chequers, and may therefore be numbered as among the possessions of the Protector. It is certainly of his time. The gilt metal case, with corner columns and panels of strapwork chasing, brings it rather later in date although of much the same shape and character as one, now in the British Museum, made by Bartholomew Newsam, who became clock maker to Queen Elizabeth in 1590. Rather may we put the Chequers example down to David Ramsey, "Scotus," and therefore so favoured

by the earlier Stewarts that he was able in 1631 to obtain the charter of incorporation of the Clockmakers' Company. There exists a Royal warrant dating from 1628 authorising payment to him of £415 "for clocks and other necessities delivered for the King's service." Did some of them, when that King lost his head, pass to his successor in possession of Hampton



10.—NAPOLEON'S PISTOLS.

Court and get carried away by one of his children who occupied "lodgings" there, the "Lady Frances Cromwell, widow of Mr. Rich," being in possession of "the late King's cabinet room" when her father died? Of Cromwell's swords two are at Chequers, and the upper one in the illustration (Fig. 1) is that which he is said to have carried at Marston Moor, just as the Newburgh sword is traditionally connected with Naseby. The boots, which Weylen mentions as shown at "the Chequers," are not known there now, and as he clearly had never been to Chequers or knew much about it, he may have given the name of boots to a pair of embroidered slippers which an old label informs us were worn by the Protector. Lastly, we must mention his military account book, a quarto of many pages, one of which is headed:

Disbursements out of Contingencies for the Army under the command of his Ex^{ty} the Lord Gen^l Cromwell from July 1. 1650.

There is an item of a thousand pounds "for Biskett & other necessities," and another of two pounds "To Mr. Charleton Waggoner for to carry one who broke his legge," and thus we get a glimpse of the commissariat and field hospital services in Commonwealth times.

Let us pass, for a moment, to warfare a century and a half later. Sir Arthur Lee has supplemented the original Chequers possessions by collections of his own. There are many holograph documents and letters of Napoleon, such as his notes on his campaigns made at St. Helena, and his correspondence with Barras while he was commanding in Italy, and Barras in Paris was seeing very much of Josephine, as well as receiving letters from her, which are also in the collection. More interesting still are the manuscript rolls of recommendations for the *Legion d'Honneur*, with Napoleon's decisions entered in his own scrip. Here, too, are the key of the room in which he was born, a lock of his hair, and a pair of pistols (Fig. 10) which belonged to him and were given, soon after Waterloo, by Lucien Bonaparte to Sir Theophilus Lee, Sir Arthur's grandfather. Valuable in a future home of our prime ministers is Nelson's letter from the Mouth of the Nile (Fig. 11) in which he shows how his sea fights were largely gained in despite of neglect by the home Government, who, in this case, had left him without the frigates which would have made his victory complete.

Further enumeration would make this article a catalogue, and a catalogue of what is worth seeing and studying here would make a ponderous tome. Chequers is, indeed, a jewelled casket stuffed full of alluring treasures.

Aug. 9th 1798 Mouth of the Nile
My Lord,
Was I to die this moment want of frigates would be found stamped on my heart no words of mine can express what I have and am suffering for want of them, having only the *Mutine Brig* and cannot yet send off *Capt. Paken* which I am very anxious ^{to do} for as an accident may happen to *Capt. Berry* it is of some importance I think, for your Lordship to be informed of our success as speedily as possible. If the King of Naples had joined us nothing at this moment could prevent the destruction of the *Stonish* take the *Transhorth* in the Port of Alexandria, four Bomb Vessels would burn the whole in a few hours, but as I have not means I can only regret the circumstance. I send you a packet of interesting letters some of them of great importance.

11.—NELSON'S LETTER FROM THE NILE.

AN AUTUMN FANTASY

Wild-tufted hedges
Half a wall of stone,
A quaint crop-eared sycamore
Standing all alone.
Three yellow-fingered leaves
Patter tunes upon the twigs,
Two crows sit and brood
Critics of her autumn mood.
Somewhere leaves are falling,
Falling in a wood.

Two grey-backed seagulls
Pass without a sound,
Flying from the ocean,
Always ocean bound.
Still the yellow-fingered leaves
Patter tunes upon the twigs,
Still sit and brood the crows
Of what the Devil only knows!
Somewhere trees are standing up,
Standing up in rows.

ANNE F. BROWN.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHEQUERS RECOLLECTIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Until the munificent gift of Chequers by Sir Arthur Lee to the nation for our future Premiers' residence brought it to public notice, few lovers of our beautiful English homes knew of the perfect old Tudor mansion dumped in a gap of the Chilterns between the Coombe and Beacon Hills. It may well have escaped notice. Built in the easternmost corner of the park under the shelter of the Combe Woods, the house probably at that date was open to the view of the Aylesbury Vale, stretching its rich grasslands far beneath, but centuries' growth of the grand old beeches had, in my earliest recollections, hidden the house completely on the north front. My memories date back some eighty years. Born at the Rectory in 1833, Sir Robert Frankland Russell, who then reigned at Chequers, stood as godfather to me, and I was named after him. The main approach to Chequers was up a deep hollow lane cut through the chalk at the base of Combe Hill, a lane which led on past Hampden House to join the London Road at High Wycombe. It was ten miles by a switchback road along the hills to the railway at Tring, and it was some few years later before the branch was opened, through the Rothschild influence, to Aylesbury, which was five miles distant and a better road. Now how the times have changed! The Great Western and Metropolitan Railways have opened up the country on both sides. Wastes have been turned into residential sites; my old shooting ground under Coombe Hill is a popular golf course.

I mention this to show how utterly Chequers and its surroundings were at that date cut off from the outer world. Sir Robert Frankland must have died before I could remember much; my first recollections are of Lady Frankland, whom I used to see at church in the large square Chequers pew, all hung with blue cloth, which, with the monuments of the various owners of Chequers, occupied the whole of the side aisle. The architectural beauties and historical details have been ably described and depicted in recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE. It only remains to me to talk of the park as I knew it. Why its beauties, in many respects unique, remained so long undiscovered I could never understand. The Beacon Hill takes in all the northern side, the old grey park fence of river oak parting it from the Glebe, standing back against the bank, hardly breaks the line between the down and glebe land. By the way, I once saw Goddard Morgan, son of old Ben Morgan, the father of many huntsmen, who was the first whip to his father with the Old Berkeley under the late Lord Lonsdale, jump these park palings uphill on a famous piebald horse he used to ride, the hounds running a fox in view in a ring from Coombe Hill back to the Box Woods. Turning round the base of Beacon Hill was the Terrace, my father's favourite walk, and many were the glorious sunsets I have watched with him. The Terrace led past another vallum, supposed to have been a watch camp for the larger camp on the summit. It is now grown over with gigantic beeches. The hill slopes abruptly. At your feet spreads out the celebrated Velvet Lawn—the most picturesque feature of the demesne—opening out in a broad glade with giant beeches rising on either side; it narrows as it sinks into Beacon Hill, the lower sides all carpeted with deep velvet moss until the surface chalk will carry only the hardy box which clothes the whole hillside. Passing from Velvet Lawn by a path always shaded by beeches we come upon the Fish Ponds, another open glade surrounded by box, beloved of rabbits on a summer evening. One night in the dusk I saw an otter which had ventured up from the brook in search of trout.

At this point stood the keeper's lodge with the lane to Kimble outside, and Little Kimble Church stood high above the road; on the bank were the parish stocks—I once saw a gipsy doing penance in them. He was smoking a short pipe and seemed quite resigned. I remember little about the church, save a briar which grew through the foundations and climbed round the pulpit. A carriage drive led up to the house, passing the warren and across Walley Plain. At the side of this, on entering, was the Laburnum Walk, a great favourite of Lady Frankland. It was lovely in spring with the laburnums with their golden blossoms crowding under the fresh green of the beech trees. Walking up this you could turn back through the Box Wood by the Cradle Path, narrow and uncertain of footing, but beloved of lovers. Cradle Path, if its dangers were surmounted, brought you out on the Terrace and so completed the circuit of the main beauties of Chequers.—RUSSELL ENGLAND.

THE NAME OF "CHEQUERS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the town of Devizes there is a block of buildings and houses long known as "The Chequers," and which most people would associate, naturally, with monetary transactions. But I see by the local history of the town that "Sir Robert Crook (or Croke) of Checkhurst (Chequers) Co. Bucks Knt and Dame Susan Crook his wife (daughter of Sir Peter Vanlore) were petitioners in a lengthy suit—with two other parties—over the disputed inheritance of 'The Devizes Old and New Parks and other lands' which was finally settled in favour of the heirs of Sir Peter Vanlore after the Restoration in 1664." As the houses in question are near to the Castle grounds in the town, part of which grounds were given in the "Tripartite division" to Sir Robert Crook and his wife, Dame Susan, it is possible that the name of Chequers (or Chequers) came through the Crook family to the town of Devizes? though this Sir Robert Croke being, I conclude, the father of Mary Croke—the last of the Chekers blood—was also the last of the knights. He did not hold all the Devizes property for long, as in 1666, Sir Robert Croke of Gray's Inn, Knight, and Dame Susan, his wife, are noted in the history of the town, as "conveying 241 acres of this land, to a justice of the King's Bench," viz., Sir Wadham Wyndham. Is the name "Chequers" known to have been given to any of their other outlying properties, as the Crokes were large landowners?—H. A'C. PENRUDDOCKE.

RALEIGH AND THE FIRST POTATO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With regard to Mr. A. E. Richard's interesting letter locating the planting of the first British potato at the Manor House, Colaton Raleigh, Devonshire, I fear that he will find his claim disputed by enthusiasts for Gloucestershire. Persistent local tradition placed the scene at Purton Manor, near Lydney, an old farmhouse standing on the very edge of a low cliff immediately above the Severn. It is a very fine old house, with heavy porches to the entrance doors, both front and rear; these doors being fitted with wrought iron knockers, latches and great hinges a yard long. Within there is good panelling and a carved mantelpiece, more modern than the house itself, bearing the three initials, D. T. M. These, as locally interpreted, stand for Dorothy Throckmorton, into whose family Raleigh married. I much regret I cannot give a photograph of this most picturesque old house; it is the only one in which, when gathering materials for my volume, "The Forest of Dean," some six years back, I was not made most hospitably free and shown whatever I desired. Not satisfied with Raleigh, the same district claims, at Gatcombe, barely a mile east along the Severn shore, another ancient house as having been the frequent temporary residence of Drake, who used to "run down" there from London now and then to keep an eye upon the quality of forest timber shipped from Gatcombe "pill" to form no small a portion of Old England's wooden walls. Lady Elliott-Drake, who was good enough to look into the question for me, was, unhappily, unable to find any documentary confirmation of this pleasant theory; and that being the case, I must, of course, be all the more tenacious in upholding Purton Manor as the birthplace of the first British-grown potato plant—also the smoking of the earliest British pipe!—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

FARMERS AND THE MOTOR TRACTOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Those who realised the possibilities of the motor tractor foresaw the day when it would supply the greater part of power needed in many spheres of industry, including that of agriculture. The great hindrance to the adoption of the motor tractor on the farm was, and still is, the fact that the majority of our farmers are, comparatively speaking, small farmers, and the majority of them, both large and small, do not understand sufficiently the merits of mechanical power in farming practice. Without the materials to work upon it were not possible for the average farmer to learn how to operate mechanical apparatus in a practical manner. The theory of mechanics is quite another matter, and one with which the farmer may become well acquainted. And if the tractors that are now being introduced are to return their quota to the national food supply without unduly dragging on between failure and success, farmers must learn to understand them—at least in theory—the point being that without ideas there can be no practical results. I do not deny the fact that tractors have not yet become acclimatised to British agriculture. But the best means of securing their adoption and, further, of evolving the most suitable type of machine, is for the British farmer to become interested in the subject; in short, to formulate ideas. We must get mechanics inside agriculture. Those men who possess a knowledge of the principles and workings of the tractor do not understand enough about farming. It will not be disputed that the man who drives a tractor attached to a plough ought to know equally as much about ploughing as about engine driving. The immediate problem is to find men able to manage this twofold task, and the surest way of finding a solution to the problem is for the farmer himself to learn how to manipulate the motor. He knows how to plough well enough, and, knowing this, he should make a determined effort to understand and to work the engine. Ultimately the small tractor will solve the difficulty of employing motors on the smaller-sized farms.—L. M. MARSHALL.

DOGS AND HUMAN SPEECH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—To what extent is human speech intelligible to our canine friends? Of course, every dog responds to verbal directions of the ordinary kind, such as to come or go, to rise up or lie down, to chase an animal or to desist from doing so. These directions are given in set phrases, with which the creature soon gets acquainted. From a life-long experience of collies I am satisfied that, when these dogs are treated as pets, they are capable of understanding a good deal of the family talk. They seldom fail to realise the drift of any remark made about themselves. A brother and I used to carry out various experiments to test the comprehension of our dogs with regard to casual conversation. When near the creature's feeding-time we would ask, the one of the other, in the most common-place tone, "Has the dog had its food?" The quadruped might be curled up in a corner and evidently asleep, but no sooner was the question put than it would start tentatively to wag its tail. Often and often we studiously endeavoured to vary the form of the query and the tone in which it was uttered, but so long as the words "dog" and "food" were retained the creature would never fail to understand. I remember another collie we once had. Sometimes my brother and I would leave the house together followed by the faithful animal. On reaching the main road we would probably set off in different directions. At parting one would say to the other in a careless voice, "If you are going to such a place, perhaps you had better take the dog." The sagacious quadruped never required any other bidding, but would shape its course in conformity with the hint thus furnished. If no remark of this kind was made, it would make its own choice. If the one whom it followed shouted to the other "You'd better call the dog," it would turn at once and render a formal "call" unnecessary. In a hundred and one ways we tried to gauge the creature's aptitude for picking up a knowledge of words and their meaning, and we were led to the conclusion that it was quite capable of "twigging" more than many people would be inclined to believe.—A. H.

A SURVIVAL IN EGYPT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is something fitting, in view of his supposed travels in that country, in the fact that here and there in Egypt are still to be found examples



NATIVES WORKING A WATER-SCREW.

of the water-screw of Archimedes. The general method of irrigation is with water-wheels turned by oxen, but very occasionally one comes across one of these big wooden screws worked by the natives, as my photograph shows.—P.

THE BUTTERFLIES OF 1917.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to the letter signed "Litian Stapleton" in your issue of the 6th inst., I would suggest that the large butterfly "quite black" with "long points to its wings" is probably *Papilio bianor*. It is a native of China and Japan, but has been bred this summer in the Zoological Gardens, whence a good number seem to have escaped. Captures have already been reported from various localities in Surrey, Sussex, Hants, etc. The smaller butterfly with large white spots is most likely our native White Admiral.—K. G. BLAIR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a plant of *Buddleia variabilis* in my garden which has proved very attractive to insects this summer, especially to butterflies. During September on one bright, sunny day I counted at least forty settled on the blossom, chiefly Red Admirals and Peacocks, but among them were Brimstones, Small Tortoiseshells, Small Coppers, Painted Ladies, a Comma, and



PHOTOGRAPHED HANGING FROM A CORD.

last, but not least, two Camberwell Beauties. The last I have never seen before, and as one of the specimens was rather battered, I think it must have travelled from a distance. I did not take either of them, but left them in the hope that they may hibernate hereabouts and live till next year to reproduce their kind. I observed that, as evening came on and the sun left the flowers, the butterflies one by one flew up into a large oak tree close by and settled there for the night.—J. RAWLINSON FORD.

WOMEN ON THE LAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph was taken on Mr. J. Crafer's dairy farm at Carlton Colville, Lowestoft, which is also run as a private training school for women land workers. The woman worker of the photograph was quite new to any farm work six months ago, and now she is an accomplished hand at anything; she milks a dozen cows twice daily.—S. A. BROWN.



A HAPPY WAR WORKER.

VINE,
MOORE'S
EARLY.

THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent "J" is right in thinking this vine has a North American origin; it was raised by Captain John B. Moore of Concord, Massachusetts, from a seed of Concord some time before 1870.

Concord is undoubtedly a descendant of *Vitis labrusca*, and is the most popular grape for general culture in the States. The story of the repeated attempts to acclimatise our European vines in North America makes an interesting chapter in the history of plant wanderings, and it was not until they were hybridised with native species that it was possible to obtain hardy and mildew-resisting varieties. Of these, Concord is a standard example, and its descendant, Moore's Early, bears witness to its parentage in the slight "foxy" taste to which your correspondent refers. I am testing a collection of hardy vines on the wall, and in the present year the only one which is likely to ripen with me is Millers Burgundy, which, though known to Miller of dictionary fame, does not deserve the apostrophe often awarded to it, but is so called from its leaves being covered with white hairs when young, recalling the flour-dusted miller. If "J" can spare me a few cuttings I should like to include them in my trials.—E. A. BUNYARD, Allington, Maidstone.

THIS YEAR'S OAK GALLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Do you care for the enclosed photograph of oak leaf galls picked here? As can be seen, there are large numbers of undeveloped ones in addition to the full-grown ones. The fact of there being an unusual quantity of these this autumn is, of course, well known, but this seems to be an abnormal spray. The photograph is by Mr. H. M. Cooper of Lynton.—A. S. FORD.

RED JUNGLE-FOWL IN ENGLAND.

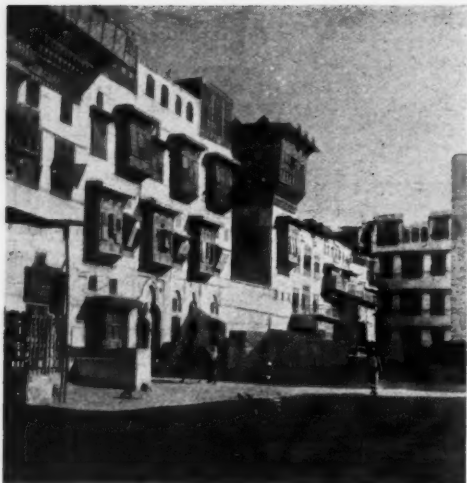
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Messrs. Rowland Ward have in their window at 167, Piccadilly a case of red jungle-fowl mounted for me—a cock and hen and two chicks, bred here in a wild state. I have had red jungle-fowl wild here for nine or ten years and find them quite hardy.—C. B. T. J. MILDMAI, West Somerset.

BIRDS AND AEROPLANES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A considerable number of aeroplanes have flown over the district in which I live, and I have noticed that as soon as the roar of the machines has been heard swallows and martins and other birds have flown away from the sound as if in fear or resentment of the machines' intrusion on their domination of the air. I have noted this from the arrival of the swallows this year to their departure.—JUBA.



THE WOODWORK OF THE HOUSES.

Gate, through which all pilgrims must go, and through which, prior to the war, few, if any, human beings not of the Mohammedan faith had ever passed.



THE MECCA GATE AT JIDDAH.

The sandy road or track beyond it, which leads to Mecca, is trodden year by year by countless thousands. The other photograph shows some of the woodwork which makes the houses objects of beauty.—G. T. P.

AN OLD FIRE-MARK.

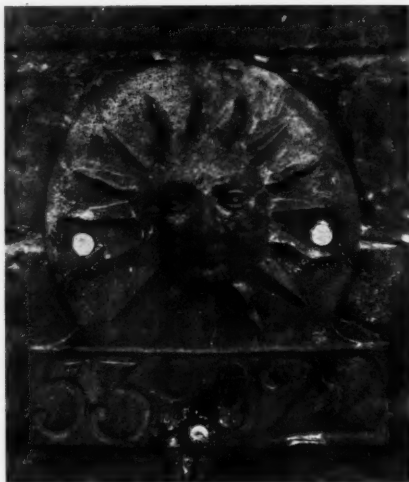
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The fire-mark depicted here is fixed between the windows of the first floor (the usual place) of a house in Walton Green, Walton-le-Dale, near Preston, Lancashire. It was issued by the Sun Insurance Company in January, 1788, in the name of William Sergeant of Walton, a cotton manufacturer, who insured his household goods in the dwelling house and his stock and utensils in his warehouse. The mark, which measures 6½ ins. by 6½ ins. extreme measurements, was photographed *in situ*. In the early days of fire insurance, which commenced in 1680, each insured building was marked with a leaden plate bearing the device or emblem of the office with

WHERE THE PILGRIMS LAND FOR MECCA.

THE EDITOR. SIR,—Perhaps these views of Jiddah, the seaport town which for millions of Mohammedans has marked the commencement of the last stage in the long and toilsome pilgrimage to Mecca, will be of interest to your readers. One is of the Mecca

which it was insured, with the number of the policy stamped on the bottom, and as each company in the City of London maintained its own fire brigade, it was the custom, if a fire occurred in an insured building, to bring the brigade of the company whose mark was affixed. Obviously, this method would not answer now, and other arrangements prevail. The following extract from the original proposal form, issued by the Sun Fire Office in 1710, may be of interest: "For the further Encouragement of all Persons there are actually employed in the Service of the Office Thirty lusty able-body'd firemen who are cloath'd in blue Liveries and having Silver Badges with the Sun Mark upon their arms, and Twenty able Porters likewise, who are always ready to assist in quenching fires and removing goods, having given Bonds for their Fidelity." According to Baumer's "Early Days of the Sun Fire Office," these firemen were ordinarily occupied as watermen on the river, and by virtue of their employment as firemen enjoyed immunity from the powers of the press gang. In the proceedings of the committee of the 2nd February, 1726, appears an entry: "The Treasurer having procur'd a General Protection from the Admiralty Office for the Watermen belonging to ye Office." And it was ordered that thirty protections should be prepared "with particular descriptions" to be signed by the secretary, "and one to be given to each man."—ALBERT WADE.



A FIREMARK OF 1788.

A RELIQUARY—OR WHAT?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a remarkable piece of furniture which was discovered in a cottage. At the time of its discovery it was being used as a support for washing utensils, and the woman of the house was busily engaged washing clothes on it, the soapsuds and water running all over the woodwork. She was altogether ignorant as to its history; it had been in the family for many years, and where it originally came from she did not know. Is it possible that it may have been a reliquary in some monastic establishment? Perhaps some of your readers may have seen a similar piece of furniture and can say for what it was used. The photograph was taken after some slight repairs had been effected, and the locks are modern.—H. W.

[The piece was in its original structure, evidently a Gothic credence of about 1490. What are now the front legs probably finished in Gothic pendants where a join is visible. The other legs went another 2ft. 6ins. down to the ground, enclosing a lower shelf. The doors of tracery do not conform in their settings to any established rule. Tracery of this period

is invariably surrounded by a flat or heavier mouldings, as in the central panel. The buttresses with their crocketed finials are original, but the lower part on the left-hand side seems like a restoration. The lower panels with their fine ogive perforations look to be original so far as can be judged from a photograph, but the cornice of the credence has been restored. This was the ordinary form of credence in England at the end of the fifteenth century, forestalling the court cupboard of a later date. Its ecclesiastical design infers nothing, for all domestic furniture at this period followed these details.—ED.]



USED TO SUPPORT A WASH-TUB!